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BROAD GRINS,
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BROAD GRINS;

BY

GEORGE COLMAN,

(THE YOUNGER;)

COMPRISING, WITH NEW ADDITIONAL

TALES IN VERSE,

THOSE FORMERLY PUBLISHED UNDER THE
TITLE OF

“MY NIGHT-GOWN AND SLIPPERS.”

“DEME SUPERCILIO NUBEM.”

SECOND EDITION.

London:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, AND
W. DAVIES, STRAND.

1804.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

MY Booksellers inform'd me, lately, that several inquiries had been made for *My Night-Gown and Slippers*,—but that every copy had been sold :—they had been out of print these two years.——“ Then publish them again,” said I, boldly,—(I print at my own risk)—and with an air of triumph. Messrs. Cadell and Davies advised me to make additions.——“ The *Work* is, really, too short,” said Messrs. Cadell and Davies. —“ I wish, gentlemen,” return'd I, “ my readers were of your opinion.”——“ I pro-

test, Sir," said they, (and they asserted it, both together, with great emphasis,) "you have but *Three Tales*."—I told them, carelessly, it was enough for the greatest *Bashaw*, among modern poets, and wish'd them a good morning. When a man, as Sterne observes, "can extricate himself with an *equivoque*, in such an unequal match,"—(and two booksellers to one poet are tremendous odds)—"he is not ill off;"—but reflecting a little, as I went home, I began to think my pun was a vile one,—and did not assist me, one jot, in my argument;—and, now I have put it upon paper, it appears viler still;—it is execrable. —So, without much further reasoning, I

sat down to rhyming;—rhyming, as the reader will see, in open defiance of *all reason*,—except the reasons of Messrs. Cadell and Davies.

Thus you have *My Night-Gown and Slippers*, with *Additions*, converted to *Broad Grins*;—and 'tis well if they may not end in *Wide Yawns*, at last! Should this be the case, gentle Reviewers, do not, ungratefully, attempt to break my sleep, (*you will find it labour lost*,) because I have contributed to your's.

GEORGE COLMAN, (the Younger.)

May, 1802.



TOM, DICK, and WILL, were little known to Fame;—

No matter;—

But to the Ale-house, oftentimes, they came,

To chatter.

It was the custom of these three

To sit up late;

And, o'er the embers of the Ale-house fire,

When steadier customers retire,

The choice *Triumviri*, d'ye see,

Held a debate.

Held a debate ?——On politicks, no doubt.

Not so ;——they cared not who was in,

No, not a pin——

Nor who was out.

All their discourse on modern Poets ran ;

For in the Muses was their sole delight :—

They talk'd of such, and such, and such a man ;

Of those who could, and those who could not write.

It cost them very little pains

To count the modern Poets, who had brains,

'Twas a small difficulty ;—'twasn't any ;

They were so few :

But to cast up the scores of men
 Who wield a stump they call a pen,
 Lord ! they had much to do,——
 They were so many !

Buoy'd on a sea of fancy, Genius rises,
 And like the rare Leviathan surprises ;
 But the *small fry* of scribblers !—tiny souls !
 They wriggle thro' the mud in shoals.

It would have raised a smile to see the faces
 They made, and the ridiculous grimaces,
 At many an author, as they overhaul'd him.
 They gave no quarter to a calf,
 Blown up with puff, and paragraph ;
 But, if they found him bad, they maul'd him.

On modern Dramatists they fell,
 Pounce, *vi et armis*—tooth and nail—pell mell.

They call'd them Carpenters, and Smugglers ;
 Filching their incidents from ancient boards,
 And knocking them together, like deal boards :

And Jugglers ;

Who all the town's attention fix,
 By making—Plays?—No Sir : by making *tricks*.

The Versifiers—Heaven defend us !

They play'd the very devil with their rhymes.

They hoped Apollo a new set would send us ;

And then, invidiously enough,

Placed modish verse, which they call'd stuff,

Against the writings of the elder times.

To say the truth, a modern versifier

Clapp'd cheek by jowl

With Pope, with Dryden, and with Prior,

Would look damn'd scurvily, upon my soul !

For Novels, should their critick hints succeed,

The Misses might fare better, when they took 'em ;

But it would fare extremely ill, indeed,

With gentle *Messieurs Lane and Hookham*.

“ A Novel, now,” says WILL, “ is nothing more

“ Than an old castle,—and a creaking door—

“ A distant hovel—

“ Clanking of chains—a gallery—a light,—

“ Old armour—and a phantom all in white—

“ And there's a Novel !

“ Scourge me such catch-penny inditers

“ Out of the land,” quoth WILL——rousing in
passion——

“ And fie upon the readers of such writers,

“ Who bring them into fashion !”

WILL rose in declamation. “ ’Tis the bane,”

Says he, “ of youth ;—’tis the perdition :

“ It fills a giddy female brain

“ With vice, romance, lust, terror, pain,—

“ With superstition.

“ Were I Pastor in a boarding-school,

“ I’d quash such books *in toto* ;—if I couldn’t,

“ Let me but catch one Miss that broke my rule,

“ I’d flog her soundly ; damme if I wouldn’t.”

WILLIAM, 'tis plain, was getting in a rage ;

But, THOMAS dryly said,—for he was cool—

“ I think no gentleman would mend the age

“ By flogging Ladies at a Boarding-school.”

DICK knock'd the ashes from his pipe,

And said, “ Friend WILL,

“ You give the Novels a fair wipe ;

“ But still,

“ While you, my friend, with passion run 'em down,

“ They're in the hands of all the town.

“ The reason's plain,” proceeded DICK,

“ And simply thus——

“ Taste, over-glutted, grows depraved, and sick,

“ And needs a *stimulus*.

“ Time was,——(when honest Fielding writ,)—

“ Tales full of Nature, Character, and Wit,

“ Were reckon'd most delicious boil'd and roast:

“ But stomachs are so cloy'd with novel-feeding.

“ Folks get a vitiated taste in reading,

“ And want that strong provocative, a Ghost.

“ Or, to come nearer,

“ And put the case a little clearer:—

“ Minds, just like bodies, suffer enervation,

“ By too much use;

“ And sink into a state of relaxation,

“ With long abuse.

“ Now, a Romance, with reading Debauchees,

“ Rouses their torpid powers, when Nature fails;

“ And all these Legendary Tales

“ Are, to a worn-out mind, Cantharides.

“ But how to cure the evil? you will say :

“ My *Recipe* is,—laughing it away.

“ Lay bare the weak farrago of those men

“ Who fabricate such visionary schemes,

“ As if the Night-mare rode upon their pen,

“ And troubled all their ink with hideous dreams.’

“ For instance—when a solemn Ghost stalks in,

“ And, thro’ a mystick tale is busy,

“ Strip me the Gentleman into his skin—

“ What is he?

“ Truly, ridiculous enough :

“ Mere trash;—and very childish stuff.

“ Draw but a Ghost, or Fiend, *of low degree*,

“ And all the bubble’s broken :—Let us see :”

THE
MAID OF THE MOOR;
OR,
THE WATER-FIENDS.

ON a wild Moor, all brown and bleak,
Where broods the heath-frequenting grouse,
There stood a tenement antique;
Lord Hoppergollop's country house.

Here Silence reign'd, with lips of glue,
And undisturb'd maintain'd her law;
Save when the Owl cry'd "whoo! whoo! whoo!"
Or the hoarse Crow croak'd "caw! caw! caw!"

Neglected mansion!—for, 'tis said,
 Whene'er the snow came feathering down,
 Four barbed steeds,—from the Bull's head,——
 Carried thy master up to town.

Weak Hoppergollop!—Lords may moan,
 Who stake, in London, their estate,
 On two, small, rattling, bits of bone;
 On *little figure*, or on *great*.

Swift whirl the wheels.—He's gone.—a Rose
 Remains behind, whose virgin look,
 Unseen, must blush in wintry snows,
 Sweet, beauteous blossom!——'twas the Cook!

A bolder far than my weak note,

Maid of the Moor ! thy charms demand :

Eels might be proud to lose their coat,

If skinn'd by Molly Dampling's hand.

Long had the fair one sat alone,

Had none remain'd save only she ;—

She by herself had been—if one

Had not been left, for company.

'Twas a tall youth, whose cheek's clear hue

Was tinged with health and manly toil ;—

Cabbage he sow'd ; and, when it grew,

He always cut it off, to boil.

Oft would he cry “ Delve, Delve the hole!

“ And prune the tree, and trim the root!

“ And stick the wig upon the pole,

“ To scare the sparrows from the fruit!”

A small, mute favourite, by day,

Follow'd his step; where'er he wheels

His barrow round the garden gay,

A bob-tail cur is at his heels.

Ah, man! the brute creation see!

Thy constancy oft needs the spur!

While lessons of fidelity

Are found in every bob-tail cur.

Hard toil'd the youth, so fresh and strong,
 While Bobtail in his face would look,
 And mark'd his master troll the song,—
 “ Sweet Molly Dumpling! Oh, thou Cook!”

For thus he sang:—while Cupid smiled;—
 Pleased that the Gard'ner own'd his dart,
 Which pruned his passions, running wild,
 And grafted true-love on his heart.

Maid of the Moor! his love return!
 True love ne'er tints the cheek with shame:
 When Gard'ners' hearts, like hot-beds, burn,
 A Cook may surely feed the flame.

Ah! not averse from love was she;
 Tho' pure as Heaven's snowy flake;
 Both loved: and tho' a Gard'ner he,
 He knew not what it was to *rake*.

Cold blows the blast:—the night's obscure:
 The mansion's crazy wainscots crack:
 No star appear'd:—and all the Moor,
 Like ev'ry other Moor,—was black.

Alone, pale, trembling, near the fire,
 The lovely Molly Dumpling sat;
 Much did she fear, and much admire
 What Thomas Gard'ner could be at.

List'ning, her hand supports her chin ;

 ' But, ah ! no foot is heard to stir :

He comes not, from the garden, in :

 ' Nor he, nor little bobtail cur.

They cannot come, sweet maid ! to thee :

 Flesh, both of cur and man, is grass !

And what's impossible, can't be ;

 And never, never, comes to pass !

She paces thro' the hall antique,

 To call her Thomas from his toil ;

Ope's the huge door ;—the hinges creak ;—

 Because the hinges wanted oil.

Thrice, on the threshold of the hall,

She “ Thomas ! ” cried, with many a sob ;

And thrice on Bobtail did she call,

Exclaiming, sweetly—“ Bob ! Bob ! Bob ! ”

Vain maid ! a Gard’ner’s corpse, ’tis said,

In answers can but ill succeed ;

And dogs that hear when they are dead,

Are very cunning Dogs indeed !

Back thro’ the hall she bent her way ;

All, all was solitude around !

The candle shed a feeble ray,——

’Tho’ a large mould of four to th’ pound.

Full closely to the fire she drew ;

Adown her cheek a salt tear stole ;

When, lo ! a coffin out there flew,

And in her apron burnt a hole !

Spiders their busy death-watch tick'd ;

A certain sign that Fate will frown ;

The clumsy kitchen clock, too, click'd ;

A certain sign it was not down.

More strong and strong her terrors rose ;——

Her shadow did the maid appal ;——

She trembled at her lovely nose,——

It look'd so long against the wall.

Up to her chamber, damp and cold,
 She climb'd Lord Hoppergollop's stair;—
 Three stories high—long, dull, and old,—
 As great Lords' stories often are.

All Nature now appear'd to pause;
 And “ o'er the one half world seem'd dead;”
 No “ curtain'd sleep” had she ;——because
 She had no curtains to her bed.

List'ning she lay ;——with iron din,
 The clock struck *Twelve* ; the door flew wide ;
 When Thomas, grimly, glided in,
 With little Bobtail by his side.

Tall, like the poplar, was his size ;

Green, green his waistcoat was, as leeks ;

Red, red as beet-root, were his eyes ;

Pale, pale, as turnips, were his cheeks !

Soon as the Spectre she espied,

The fear-struck damsel faintly said,

“ What wou’d my Thomas ? ”—he replied.

“ Oh ! Molly Dumpling ! I am dead.

“ All in the flower of youth I fell,

“ Cut off with health’s full blossom crown’d ;

“ I was not ill—but in a well

“ I tumbled backwards, and was drown’d.

- “ Four fathom deep thy love doth lye ;
 “ His faithful dog his fate doth share ;
 “ We’re Fiends ;—this is not he and I ;
 “ We are not *here*,—for we are *there*.
- “ Yes ;—two foul Water-Fiends are we ;
 “ Maid of the Moor ! attend us now !
 “ Thy hour’s at hand ;—we come for thee !”
- The little Fiend-Cur said “ bow wow !”
- “ To wind her in her cold, cold grave,
 “ A Holland sheet a maiden likes ;
 “ A sheet of water thou shalt have ;
 “ Such sheets there are in Holland Dykes.”

The Fiends approach; the Maid did shrink;
Swift thro' the night's foul air they spin;
They took her to the green well's brink,
And, with a souse, they plump'd her in.

So true the fair, so true the youth,
Maids, to this day, their story tell:
And hence the proverb rose, that Truth
Lyes in the bottom of a well.

DICK ended:—TOM and WILL approv'd his strains;

And thought his Legend made as good a figure

As naturalizing a dull German's brains,

Which beget issues in the Heliconian stews,

Upon a profligate *Tenth* Muse,

In all the gloomy *impotence of vigour**.

* 'Twas now the very witching time of night,

“ When *Proserp* yawn.”—Discussion grew diffuse:

Argument's *carte and tierce* were lost, outright;

And they fought loose.

* N. B. Half our modern Legends are either borrowed or translated from the German.

Says WILL, quite carelessly,—“the other day,

“As I was lying on my back,

“In bed,

“I took a fancy in my head;—

“Some writings aren’t so difficult as people say;—

“They are *a knack*.”

“What writings? whose?” says TOM—raking the cinders.

“Many,” cried WILL:—“For instance——PETER
PINDAR’S.”

“What! call you his a knack?”—“yes;—mind his
measure,

“In *that* lies half the *point* that gives us pleasure.

“Pooh!—’t isn’t that,” DICK cried:—

“*That* has been tried,

“ Over and over :—Bless your souls !

“ ’Tis seen in *Crazy Tales*, and twenty things beside :

“ His measure is as old as Poles.”

“ Granted,” cries WILL : “ I know I’m speaking treason :

“ For PETER,

“ With many a joke, and queer conceit, doth season

“ His metre :

“ And this I’ll say of PETER, to his face,

“ As ’twas, time past, of Vanbrugh writ—

“ PETER has often wanted *grace*,

“ But he has never wanted *wit*.

“ Yet I will tell you a plain tale,

“ And see how far quaint measure will prevail :”

THE
NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with death to wrestle ;
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are ;
But meet just like prize-fighters, in a Fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother :
So (many a suff'ring Patient saith,)
Tho' the Apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,

Lived at Newcastle upon Tyne :

No man could better gild a pill ;

Or make a bill ;

Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;

Or draw a tooth out of your head ;

Or chatter scandal by your bed ;

Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.* :

Yet, still, he thought the list not long enough ;

And therefore Midwifery he chose to pin to't.

This balanced things :—for if he hurl'd

A few score mortals from the world,

He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran ;

In short, in reputation he was *solus* :

All the old women call'd him “ a fine man ! ”

His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, tho' in *trade*,

(Which oftentimes will Genius fether)

Read works of fancy, it is said ;

And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd ?

Can't men have taste who cure a phthysick ?

Of Poetry tho' Patron-God,

Apollo patronises Physick.

Bolus loved verse ;—and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass

Of writing the directions, on his labels,

In dapper couplets,—like *Gay's Fables* ;

Or, rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse !—and where's the treason ?

'Tis simply honest dealing ;—not a crime ;—

When Patients swallow physick without reason,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a Patient lying at death's door,

Some three miles from the town—it might be four ;

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In Pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical.

And, on the label of the stuff,

He wrote this verse ;

Which, one would think, was clear enough,

And terse :—

“ *When taken,*

“ *To be well shaken.*”

Next morning, early, Bolus rose ;

And to the Patient's house he goes ;—

Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had :

It was, indeed, a very sorry hack ;

But that's of course :

For what's expected from a horse

With an Apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arriv'd ; and gave a doubtful tap ;—

Between a single and a double rap.—

Knocks of this kind

Are given by Gentlemen who teach to dance ;

By Fiddlers, and by Opera-singers :

One loud, and then a little one behind ;

As if the knocker fell, by chance,

Out of their fingers.

The Servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster;

John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
As if th' Apothecary had physick'd him,—

And not his master.

“ Well, how's the Patient?” Bolus said—

John shook his head.

“ Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!

“ He took the draught?”—John gave a nod.

“ Well,—how?—what then?—speak out, you dunce!”

“ Why then”—says John—“ we *shook* him once.”

“ Shook him!—how?”—Bolus stammer'd out:—

“ We jolted him about.”

Zounds! shake a Patient, man!—a shake won't do."

"No, Sir—and so we gave him *two*."

"Two shakes! od's curse!

"'Twould make the Patient worse."

"It did so, Sir!—and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"—"then, Sir, my master died."



Ere WILL had done 'twas waxing wond'rous late ;

And reeling Bucks the street began to scour ;

While guardian Watchmen, with a tottering gait,

Cried every thing, quite clear, except the hour.

"Another pot," says TOM, "and then

"A Song;—and so good night, good Gentlemen!

- “ I’ve Lyrics, such as *Bon Vivants* indite,
“ In which your bibbers of Champagne delight.—
“ The Poetaster, bawling them in clubs,
“ Obtains a miserably noted name ;
“ And every noisy Bacchanalian dubs
“ The Singing-Writer with a bastard Fame.”

LODGINGS
FOR
SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown
place,
Has seen "*Lodgings to Let*" stare him full in the face :
Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, 'tis well
known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious and
lonely,
Hir'd lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only ;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton ;—
Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into One.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
 But, all the night long, he felt fever'd, and heated;
 And, tho' heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
 He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next;—and the
 next;

He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous, and vex'd;
 Week pass'd after week; till, by weekly succession,
 His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt
 him;

For his skin, “like a lady's loose gown,” hung about
 him.

He sent for a Doctor; and cried, like a niuny,

“ I have lost many pounds—make me well—there’s a
“ guinea.”

The Doctor look’d wise :—“ a slow fever,” he said :

Prescrib’d sudorificks,—and going to bed,

“ Sudorificks in bed,” exclaim’d Will, “ are humbugs !

“ I’ve enough of them there, without paying for drugs !”

WILL kick’d out the Doctor :—but, when ill indeed,

E’en dismissing the Doctor don’t *always* succeed ;

So, calling his host,—he said,—“ Sir, do you know,

“ I’m the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago ?

“ Look’e, landlord, I think,” argued Will, with a grin,

“ That with honest intentions you first *took me in* :

“ But from the first night—and to say it I’m bold—

“ I have been so damn’d hot, that I’m sure I caught
 “ cold.”

Quoth the landlord—“ till now, I ne’er had a dispute ;

“ I’ve let lodgings ten years ;—I’m a Baker to boot ;

“ In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven ;

“ And your bed is immediately—over my Oven.”

“ The Oven!!!” says Will—says the host, “ why this
 “ passion ?

“ In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.

“ Why so crusty, good Sir ?”—“ Zounds !” cries Will,
 in a taking,

“ Who would’nt be crusty, with half a year’s baking ?”

WILL paid for his rooms ;—cried the host, with a sneer,

“ Well, I see you’ve been *going away* half a year.”

“ Friend, we can’t well agree”—“ yet no quarrel”—

Will said ;—

“ But I’d rather not *perish*, while you *make your*

“ *bread* *.”

* This is the conclusion of all that was originally printed under the title of “ *My Night-gown and Slippers.*”

THE
KNIGHT AND THE FRIAR.

PART FIRST.

IN our Fifth Harry's reign, when 'twas the fashion
To thump the French, poor creatures! to excess;—
Tho' Britons, now a days, show more compassion,
And thump them, certainly, a great deal less;—

In Harry's reign, when flush'd Lancastrian roses
Of York's pale blossoms had usurp'd the right *;
As wine drives Nature out of drunkards' noses,
Till red, triumphantly, eclipses white;—

* Roses were not emblems of faction, cries the Critick, till the reign of Henry the Sixth.—Poch!—This is a figure, not an anachronism. Suppose, Mr. Critick, you and all your descendants

In Harry's reign,—but let me to my song,
Or good king Harry's reign may seem too long.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, a gallant knight,
When this king Harry went to war, in France,
Girded a sword about his middle;
Resolving, very lustily, to fight,
And teach the Frenchmen how to dance,
Without a fiddle.

And wond'rous bold Sir Thomas prov'd in battle,
Performing prodigies with spear and shield;
His valour, like a murrain among cattle,
Was reckon'd very fatal in the field.

should be hanged, although your father died in his bed:—Why then posterity, when talking of your father, may allude to the *family gallows*, which his issue shall have rendered notoriously *symbolical of his House*.

Yet, tho' Sir Thomas had an iron fist,
He was, at heart, a mild Philanthropist.

Much did he grieve, when making Frenchmen die,
To any inconvenience to put 'em :

“ It quite distress'd his feelings,” he would cry,
“ That he must cut their throats,”——and, then he
“ cut 'em.

Thus, during many a Campaign,
He cut, and griev'd, and cut, and came again ;—
Pitying, and killing ;——
Lamenting sorely for men's souls,
While pretty little eyelet holes,
Clean thro' their bodies, he kept drilling :

'Till palling on his Laurels, grown so thick,
 (As boys pull blackberries, 'till they are sick,)

Homeward he bent his course, to wreath 'em ;
 And, in his Castle, near fair Norwich town,
 Glutted with glory, he sat down,

In perfect solitude, beneath 'em.

Now, sitting under Laurels, Heroes say,
 Gives grace, and dignity,—and so it may,—

When men have done campaigning ;

But, certainly, these gentlemen must own
 That sitting under Laurels, quite alone,

Is much more dignified than entertaining.

Pious Æneas, who, in his narration

Of his own prowess, felt so great a charm ;—

(For, tho' he feign'd great grief in the relation,

He made the story longer than your arm *;))

Pious Æneas no more pleasure knew

Than did our Knight,—who could be pious too—

In telling his exploits, and martial brawls :

But pious *Thomas* had no Dido near him,—

No Queen,—King, Lord, nor Commoner to hear him,—

So he was forc'd to tell them to the walls :

* ———“ *Quis talia fando*

“ *Temperet a lachrymis?*”

says Æneas, by way of proem ; yet, for a Hero, tolerably “ used to the melting mood,” he talks, on this occasion, much more than he cries ; and, though he begins with a wooden Horse, and gives a general account of the burning of Troy, still the “ *quorum pars magna*

And to his Castle walls, in solemn guise,
The knight, full often, did soliloquize:—

For “ Walls have ears,” Sir Thomas had been told ;
Yet thought the tedious hours would seem much shorter,
If, now and then, a tale he could unfold
To ears of flesh and blood, not stone and mortar.

At length, his old *Castellum* grew so dull,
That legions of Blue Devils seiz'd the Knight ;
Megrim invested his belaurell'd skull ;
Spleen laid embargoes on his appetite ;

fui,” is, evidently, the great inducement to his chattering:—
accordingly, he keeps up Queen Dido to a scandalous late hour,
after supper, for the good folks of Carthage, to tell her an egotistical
story, that occupies two whole books of the *Æneid*.—Oh, these
Heroes!—I once knew a worthy General—but I won't tell that
story.

Till, thro' the day-time, he was haunted, wholly,
By all the imps of "loathed Melancholy!"——

Heaven keep her, and her imps, for ever, from
us!

And * Incubus, whene'er he went to bed,
Sat on his stomach, like a lump of lead,
Making unseemly faces at Sir Thomas.

Plagues such as these might make a Parson swear;
Sir Thomas, being but a Layman,
Swore, very roundly, *à la militaire*,
Or, rather, (from vexation,) like a Drayman:

* Far be it from me to offer a pedantick affront to the Gentleinen who peruse me, by explaining the word *Incubus*; which Pliny and others, more learnedly, call *Ephialtes*:—I, modestly, state it to mean the *Night-mare*, for the information of the Ladies. The chief symptom by which this affliction is vulgarly known, is a heavy pressure upon the stomach, when lying in a supine posture in bed. It

Damning his Walls, out of all line and level ;

Sinking his drawbridges and moats ;

Wishing that he were cutting throats——

And they were at the devil.

“ What’s to be done,” Sir Thomas said, one day,

“ To drive *Ennui* away ?

“ How is the evil to be parried ?

“ What can remind me of my former life?——

“ Those happy days I spent in noise and strife !”

The last words struck him ——“ Zounds” says he,

“ a Wife !”——

And so he married.

would terrify some of my fair readers, who never experienced this characteristic of the *Incubus*, were I to dwell on its effects ; and it would irritate others, who are in the habit of labouring under its sensations.

Muse ! regulate your pace ;—

Restrain, awhile, your frisking, and your giggling !

Here is a stately Lady in the case ;—

We mustn't, now, be fidgetting, and niggling.

O God of Love ! Urchin of spite and play !

Deserter, oft, from saffron Hymen's quarters ;

His torch bedimming, as thou runn'st away,

Till half his Votaries become his Martyrs !

Sly, wandering God ! whose frolick arrows pass

Thro' hearts of Potentates, and Prentice-boys ;

Who mark'st, with Milkmaids' forms, the tell-tale grass,

And mak'st the fruitful Prude repent her joys !

Drop me one feather, from thy wanton wing,
Young God of dimples ! in thy roguish flight ;
And let thy Poet catch it, now, to sing
The beauty of the Dame who won the Knight !

Her beauty !— but Sir Thomas's own Sonnet
Beats all that I can say upon it.

* SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM'S

SONNET

ON HIS LADY.

1

SUCH *star-like* lustre lights her *Eyes*,

They must have darted from a *Sphere*,

Our duller *System* to surprise,

Outshining all the *Planets* here;

And, having wander'd from their wonted place,

Fix in the wond'rous *Heaven* of her *Face*.

* An old Gentlewoman, a great admirer of the **Black Letter**, (as many *old Gentlewomen* are,) presented the Author of these Tales with the *Original M.S.* of this Sonnet; advising the publication of a *fac-simile* of the Knight's hand-writing. It is painful, after this, to advance, that the Sonnet, so far from being genuine, is *one* of the clumsiest literary forgeries, that the present times have witnessed. It appears, in this authentick Story, that Sir Thomas Erpingham was married in the reign of Henry the Fifth; and it is

The modest *Rose*, whose blushes speak

The ardent kisses of the Sun,

Off'ring a tribute to her *Cheek*,

Droops, to perceive its *Tint* outdone ;

Then withering with envy and despair,

Dies on her *Lips*, and leaves its *Fragrance* there.

evidently intended, that *Moderns* should believe he writ these love-verses almost immediately after his marriage,—not only from the ardour with which he celebrates the beauty of his Wife, but from the circumstance of a man writing any love-verses upon his wife at all:—but the style and language of the lines are most glaringly inconsistent with their pretended date. The fact is, we have here foisted upon us a close *imitation of COWLEY*, (*vide the MISTRESS*,) who was not *born* till the year 1618,—two centuries after the *Æra* in question. Chaucer died A. D. 1400; and Henry the Fifth, (who was King only 9 years, 5 months, and 11 days,) began his reign scarcely 13 years after the death of that Poet. Sir Thomas, then, must, at least, have written in the obsolete phraseology of Chaucer,—and, probab'y, would have imitated him,—as did Lillgate, Occleve, and others:—nay, Harding, Skelton, &c. who were fifty or sixty years subsequent to Chaucer, were not so modern in their language as their celebrated predecessor. Having, *in few words*, proved

Ringlets, that to her *Breast* descend,
 Increase the beauties they *invade*;
 Thus branches in luxuriance bend,
 To grace the *lovely Hills* they shade;
 And, thus, the glowing *Climate* did entice
 Tendrils to curl, unprun'd, o'er *Paradise*.

(it is presumed,) this Sonnet to be spurious, an apology may be thought necessary for not saying *a great deal more*;—but this Herculean task is left, in deference, to the disputants on *Vortigern*; who will, doubtless, engage in it, as a matter of great importance, and, once more, lay the world under *very heavy* obligations, with various *Pamphlets in Folio*, upon the subject:—and, surely, too many acknowledgments cannot be given to men who are so indefatigably generous in their researches, that half the result of them, when published, causes even the sympathetick reader to labour as much as the Writer!

How ungratefully did Pope say!

“ There, dim in clouds, the poring Schollasts mark,

“ Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark;

“ A lumber-house of books in every head;

“ For ever reading, never to be read!”—*Dunciad*.

Sir Thomas having clos'd his love-sick strain,
Come, buxom Muse! and let us frisk again!

Close to a Chapel, near the Castle-gates,
Dwelt certain stickers in the Devil's skirts;
Who, with prodigious fervour, shave their pates,
And show a most religious scorn for shirts.

Their House's sole Endowment was our Knight's:—
Thither an Abbot, and twelve Friars, retreating,
Conquer'd (sage, pious men!) their appetites
With that infallible specifick—eating.

'Twould seem, since tenanted by holy Friars,
That Peace and Harmony reign'd here eternally;—
Whoever told you so were cursed liars;—
The holy Friars quarrell'd most infernally.

Not a day past

Without some schism among these heavenly lodgers ;

But none of their dissensions seem'd to last

So long as Friar John's and Friar Roger's.

I have been very accurate in my researches,

And find this Convent (truce with *why's* and *how's*,)

Kept in a constant ferment, with the rows

Of these two quarrelsome fat sons of Churches.

But when Sir Thomas went to his devotions,

Proceeding thro' their Cloister, with his Bride,

You never could have dream'd of their commotions,

The stiff-rump'd rascals look'd so sanctified :

And it became the custom of the Knight

To go to matins every day ;—

He jogg'd his Bride, as soon as it was light,

Crying, “ my dear, 'tis time for us to pray.”—

This custom he establish'd, very soon,

After his honey-moon.

Wives of this age might think his zeal surprising ;

But much his pious Lady did it please,

To see her Husband, every morning, rising,

And going, instantly, upon his knees.

Never, I ween,

In any person's recollection,

Was such a couple seen,

For genuflection !

Making as great a drudgery of prayer

As humble Curates are obliged to do,—

Whose labour, woe the while! scarce buys them
cassocks ;

And, every morning, whether foul or fair,

Sir Thomas and the Dame were in their pew,

Craw-thumping, upon hassocks.

It could not otherwise befall

(Sir Thomas, and his Wife, this course pursuing,)

But that the Lady, affable to all,

Should greet the Friars, on her way

To matins, as she met them, every day,

Good morninging, and how d'yc doing :

Now nodding to this Friar, now to that,
 As thro' the Cloister she was wont to trip ;
 Stopping, sometimes, to have a little chat,
 On casual topicks, with the holy brothers ;—
 So condescending was her Ladyship,
 To Roger, John, and all the others.

All this was natural enough
 To any female of urbanity ;—
 But holy men are made of as frail stuff
 As all the lighter sons of Vanity !—

And these her Ladyship's chaste condescensions,
 In Friar John bred damnable desire ;
 Heteredox, unclean intentions ;—
 Abominable in a Friar !

Whene'er she greeted him, his gills grew red ;
 While she was quite unconscious of the matter ;—
 But he, the beast ! was casting sheeps-eyes at her,
 Out of his bullock head.

That coxcombs *were* and *are*, I need not give,
 Nor take the trouble, now, to prove ;
 Nor that those dead, like many, now, who live,
 Have thought a Lady's condescension, love.

This happen'd with fat Friar John ;—
 Monastick Coxcomb ! amorous, and gummy,
 Fill'd with conceit up to his very brim !—
 He thought his guts and garbage doated on
 By a fair Dame, whose Husband was to *him*
 Hyperion to a mummy.

Burning with flames the Lady never knew,

Hotter and heavier than toasted cheese,

He sent her a much warmer *billet-doux*

Than Abelard e'er writ to Eloïse.

But whether Friar John's fat shape and face,

Tho' pleading both together,

Were sorry advocates, in such a case ;—

Or, whether

He marr'd his hopes, by suffering his pen

With too much fervour to display 'em ;—

As very tender Nurses, now and then,

Cuddle their Children, 'till they overlay 'em ;—

'Twas plain, his pray'r to decorate the brows
 Of good Sir Thomas was so far from granted,
 That the Dame went, directly, to her spouse,
 And told him what the filthy Friar wanted.

Think, Reader! think! if thou hast ta'en, for life,
 A partner to thy bed, for worse or better,
 Think what Sir Thomas felt, when his chaste wife
 Brandish'd, before his eyes, the Friar's letter!

He felt, Sir,—Zounds!——

Yes, Zounds, I say, Sir,—for it makes me swear—
 More torture than he suffer'd from the wounds
 He got, among the French, in France;—
 Not that I take upon me to advance

The knight was ever wounded there.

Think gravely, Sir, I pray;—fancy the knight,—

'(Tis quite a Picture)—with his heart's delight!

Fancy you see his virtuous Lady stand,

Holding the Friar's foulness in her hand!—

How should Sir Thomas, Sir, behave?

Why bounce, and sputter, surely, like a squib:—

You would have done the same, Sir, if a knave,

A frowzy Friar, meddled with your Rib.

His bosom almost burst with ire

Against the Friar!

Rage gave his face an apoplectick hue ;

His cheeks turn'd purple, and his nose turn'd blue ;

He swore with this mock Saint he'd soon be even ;—

He'd have him flay'd, like Saint Bartholomew ;—

And, now again, he'd have him stoned, like Stephen.

But, “ *Ira furor brevis est,*”

As Horace, quaintly, has express'd ;—

Therefore the knight, finding his foam and froth

Work thro' the bung-hole of his mouth like beer,

Pull'd out the vent-peg of his wrath,

To let the stream of his revenge run clear :

•

Debating, with himself, what mode might suit him,

To trounce the rogue who wanted to cornute him.

First, an attack against his Foe he plann'd,
 Learn'd in the Field, where late he fought so felly;
 That is,—to march up, bravely, sword in hand,
 And run the Friar thro' his holy belly.

At last, his better judgment did declare,—
 Seeing his honour would as little shine
 By sticking Friars as by killing swine,—
 To circumvent him, by a *ruse de guerre* :

And, as the project ripen'd in his head,
 Thus to his virtuous Wife he said :—

“ Now sit thee down, my Lady bright!

And list thy Lord's desire ;

An assignation thou shalt write,

Beshrew me! to the Friar.

Aread him, at the midnight hour,
 In silent sort to go,
 And bide thy coming, in the Bower,—
 For there do Crabsticks grow.

He shall not tarry long ;—for why?
 When *Twelve* have striking done,
 Then, by the God of Gardens*! I
 Will cudgel him till *One*."

* If the Knight knew the aptness, in its full extent, of his oath, upon this occasion, we must give him more credit for his reading than we are willing to allow to military men of the age in which he flourished:—for, observe: he vows to *cudgel* a man lurking to *rob* his Lady of her Virtue, in a *bower*;—how appropriately, therefore, does he swear by the *God of the Gardens*! who is represented with a kind of *cu gel* (*falx lignea*,) in his right hand; and is, moreover, furnish'd with another weapon of formidable dimensions, (Horace calls it *Palus*,) for the express purpose of annoying *Robbers*.

" *Fures dextra coercet,*
" Obscænoque ruber porrectus ab inguine PALUS."

The Lady wrote just what Sir Thomas told her ;
 For, it is no less strange than true,
 That Wives did, once, what Husbands bid them do ;—
 Lord ! how this World improves, as we grow older !

She nam'd the midnight hour ;—

Telling the Friar to repair

To the sweet, secret Bower ;—

But not a word of any crabsticks there.

It must be confessed that the last mentioned attribute of this Deity was stretched forth to promote pleasure, in some instances, instead of fear ;—for it was a sportive custom, in the hilarity of recent marriages, to seat the Bride upon his *Palus* ;—but this circumstance by no means disproves its efficacy as a dread to Robbers ; on the contrary, that implement must have been peculiarly terrifick, which could sustain the weight of so many Brides, without detriment to its firmness, or elasticity.

Thus have I seen a liquorish, black rat,

Lured by the Cook, to sniff, and smell her bacon ;

And, when he's eager for a bit of fat,

Down goes a trap upon him, and he's taken.

A tiny Page,—for, formerly, a boy

Was a mere dunce who did not understand

The doctrines of Sir Pandarus, of Troy.—

Slipp'd the Dame's note into the Friar's hand,

As he was walking in the cloister ;

And, then, slipp'd off,—as silent as an oyster.

The Friar read;—the Friar chuckled :—

For, now the Farce's unities were right :

Videlicet—The Argument, a Cuckold ;

The Scene, a Bow'r ; Time, Twelve o'clock, at night.

Blithe was fat John!—and dreading no mishap,
 Stole, at the hour appointed, to the *trap*;
 But, so perfumed, so musk'd, for the occasion,—
 His *tribute* to the nose so like *invasion*,—
 You would have sworn, to smell him, 'twas no rat,
 But a dead, putrified, old civet-cat.

He reach'd the spot, anticipating blisses,
 Soft murmurs, melting sighs, and burning kisses,
 Trances of joy, and mingling of the souls;—
 When, whack! Sir Thomas hit him on the jowls.

Now, on his head it came, now on his face,
 His neck, and shoulders, arms, legs, breast, and back;
 In short, on almost every place
 We read of in the Almanack.

Blows rattled on him thick as hail ;

Making him rue the day that he was born ;—

Sir Thomas plied his cudgel like a flail,

And thrash'd as if he had been thrashing corn.

At length, a thump,—(painful the facts, alas !

Truth urges us Historians to relate!)—

Took Friar John so smart athwart the pate,

It acted like a perfect *coup de grace*.

Whether it was a random shot,

Or aim'd maliciously,—tho' Fame says *not*—

Certain his soul (the Knight so crack'd his crown,))

Fled from his body ; but which way it went,

Or whether Friars' souls fly up, or down,

Remains a matter of nice argument.

Points so abstruse I dare not dwell upon ;

Enough, for me, his body is not gone ;—

For I have business, still, in my narration,

With the fat carcase of this holy porpus ;

And Death, tho' sharp in his Administration,

Never suspended such a *Habeas Corpus*.

END OF PART I.

THE
KNIGHT AND THE FRIAR.

PART THE SECOND.

READER! if you have Genius, you'll discover,
Do what you will to keep it cool,
It, now and then, in spite of you, boils over,
Upon a fool.

Haven't you, (lucky man if *not*,) been vex'd,
Worn, fretted, and perplex'd,
By a pert, busy, would-be-clever knave,
A forward, empty, self-sufficient slave?

And haven't you, all christian patience gone,

At last, put down the puppy, with your wit;—

On whom it seem'd, tho' you had Mines of it,

Extravagance to spend a jest upon?—

And haven't you, (I'm sure you have, my friend!)

When you have laid the puppy low,—

All little pique, and malice, at an end,

Been sorry for the blow?—

And said, (if witty, so would say your Bard,)

“ Damn it! I hit that meddling fool too hard?”

Thus did the brave Sir Thomas say;—

Whose Genius didn't much disturb his pate:

It rather, in his bones, and muscles, lay,—

Like many other men's of good estate:

Thus did Sir Thomas say ;—and well he might,

When pity to resentment did succeed ;

For, certainly, (tho' not with *wit*,) the Knight

Had hit the Friar very hard, indeed !

And heads, nineteen in twenty, 'tis confest,

Can feel a crab-stick sooner than a jest.

There was, in the Knight's family, a man

Cast in the roughest mould Dame Nature boasts ;

With shoulders wider than a dripping-pan,

And legs as thick, about the calves, as posts.

All the domesticks, viewing, in this hulk,

So large a specimen of Nature's whims,

With kitchen wit, allusive to his bulk,

Had christen'd him the Duke of Limbs.

Thro'out the Castle, every whipper-snapper
 Was canvassing the merits of this strapper :
 Most of the Men voted his size alarming ;
 But all the Maids, *nem. con.* declar'd it charming !

This wight possess'd a quality most rare ;—
 I tremble when I mention it, I swear !

Lest pretty Ladies question my veracity :
 'Twas—when he had a secret in his care,
 To keep it, with the greatest pertinacity.

Pour but a secret in him, and 'twould glue him
 Like rosin, on a well-cork'd bottle's snout ;
 Had twenty devils come with cork-screws to him,
 They never could have screw'd the secret out.

Now, when Sir Thomas, in the dark, alone,
 Had kill'd a Friar, weighing twenty stone,
 Whose carcase must be hid, before the dawn,
 Judging he might as hopelessly desire
 To move a Convent as the Friar,
 He thought on this man's secresy, and brawn ;—
 And, like a swallow, o'er the lawn he skims,
 Up to the Cock-loft of the Duke of Limbs :

Where Somnus, son of Nox, the humble copy
 Of his own daughter Mors* had made assault
 On the Duke's eye-lids,—not with juice of poppy,
 But potent draughts, distill'd from hops, and malt.

* There is a terrible jumble in Somnus's family. He was the Son of Nox, by Erebus ;—and Erebus, according to different accounts, was not only Nox's husband, but her brother,—and even her son, by Chaos :—and Mors was daughter of Somnus, by that devil of a Goddess Nox, the mother of his father, and himself !—The heathen

Certainly, nothing operates much quicker

Against two persons' secret dialogues,

Than one of them being asleep, in liquor,

Snoring like twenty thousand hogs.

Yet circumstance did, pressingly, require

The Knight to tell his tale ;

And to instruct his Man, knock'd down with ale,

That he (Sir Thomas,) had knock'd down a Friar.

How wake a man, in such a case?

Sir, the best method—I have tried a score—

Is, when his nose is playing thoro' bass,

To pull it, till you make him roar.

Deities held our canonical notions in utter contempt; and must have laughed at the idea (which, surely, nobody does now,) of forbidding a man to marry his Grandmother.

A Sleeper's nose is made on the same plan

As the small wire 'twixt a Doll's wooden thighs ;

For pull the nose, or wire, the Doll, or Man,

Will open, in a minute, both their eyes.

This mode Sir Thomas took,—and, in a trice,

Grasp'd, with his thumb and finger, like a vice,

That feature which the human face embosses,

And pull'd the Duke of Limbs by the proboscis.

The Man awoke, and goggled on his master ;—

He saw his Master gogling upon him ;—

Fresh from concluding on a Friar's nob,

What Coroners would call an awkward job,

He glar'd, all horror-struck and grim,—

Paler than Paris-plaister !

His hair stuck up, like bristles on a pig ;—

So Garrick look'd, when he perform'd Macbeth ;

Who, ere he enter'd, after Duncan's death,

Rumpled his wig.

The Knight cried, “ Follow me ! ”——with strange
grimaces ;

The Man arose,—

And began “ sacrificing to the Graces *, ”

By putting on his clothes ;

* *Vide* Lord Chesterfield's Letters.—This noble Author, by the bye, has set his dignified face against risibility. It would be well for us poor devils, who call ourselves Comick Writers, if our efforts were always as successful in raising a *Laugh*, as his Lordship's censure upon it.

But he reversed, in making himself smart,

A Scotchman's toilet, altogether :

And merely clapp'd a cover on that part

The Highlanders expose to wind and weather.

They reach'd the bower where the Friar lay :

When, to his Man,

The Knight began,

In doleful accents, thus to say :

“ Here a fat Friar lyes, kill'd with a mawling,

“ For coming, in the dark, a-catterwauling ;

“ Whom I (O cursed spite!) did lay so !”

Thus, solemnly, Sir Thomas spake, and sigh'd ;—

To whom the Duke of Limbs replied—

“ Odrabbit it ! Sir Thomas ! you don't say so !”

Then, taking the huge Friar *per* the hocks,
 He whirl'd the ton of blubber three times round,
 And swung it on his shoulders, from the ground,
 With strength that yields, in any age, to no man's,—
 Tho' Milo's ghost should rise, bearing the Ox
 He carried at the games of the old Romans.

Nay, I opine—let Fame say what it can—
 Of ancient vigour, (Fame is, oft, a Liar,)
 That Milo was a pigmy to this Man,
 And his fat Ox quite skinny to the Friar.

Besides,—I hold it much in doubt
 If Roman graziers (should the truth come out)

Were, like the English, knowing in the matter ;—

—I wouldn't breed my beast *more Romano* ;—

For, I suspect, in fatt'ning they were dull,

And when they made an ox out of a bull,

They fed him ill,—and, then, he got no fatter

Than a fat opera *Soprano**.

Over the moat, (the draw-bridge being down.)

Gallantly stalk'd the brawny Duke of Limbs.

Bearing *Johannes*, of the shaven crown,

Famed, when alive, for spoiling maids, and hymns ;

For mangling *Pater-Nosters*, and goose-pies,

And telling sundry beads,—and sundry lies.

* I am aware that much has been said, of old, relative to the “*cura boum*,” and the “*optuma torvæ forma bovis* ;”—but, for a show of cattle, I would back Smithfield, or most of our English market Towns, against any *ferum bovarium* of the Romans.

Across a marsh he strode, with steadier gait
 Than Satan trod the Syrtis, at his fall,
 And perch'd himself, with his monastick weight,
 Upon the Convent-garden's wall ;—

Whence, on the grounds within it, as he gazed,
 To find a spot where he might leave his load,
 He 'spied a *House* so *little*, it seem'd raised
 More for Man's visits, than his fix'd abode ;—
 And Cynthia aided him to gaze his fill,
 For, now, she sought Endymion, on the hill.

Arise, Tarquinius*! show thy lofty face!
 While I describe, with dignity, the place.

* *Tarquinius Superbus*, the last King of Rome ;—he was a haughty
 Monarch, and built the *Cloaca maxima*.

Snug, in an English garden's shadiest spot,
 A Structure stands, and welcomes many a breeze ;
 Lonely, and simple as a Ploughman's cot,
 Where Monarchs may unbend, who wish for ease.

There sit Philosophers ; and sitting read ;
 And to some end apply the dullest pages ;
 And pity the Barbarians, north of Tweed,
 Who scout these fabricks of the southern Sages.

Sure, for an Edifice in estimation,
 Never was any less presuming seen !
 It shrinks, so modestly, from observation !
 And hides behind all sorts of evergreen ;——
 Like a coy Maid, design'd for filthy Man,
 Peeping, at his approach, behind her fan.

Into this place, unnoticed by beholders,

The Duke of Limbs, most circumspectly, stole,

And shot the Friar off his shoulders,

Just like a sack of round Newcastle coal :

Not taking any pains,

Nor caring, in the least,

How he deposited the Friar's remains,

No more than if a Friar were a beast.

No funeral, of which you ever heard,

Was mark'd with ceremonies half so slight ;

For John was left, not like the dead interr'd.

But like the living, sitting bolt upright !

Has no shrewd Reader, of one sex or t'other,
 Recurring to the facts already stated,
 Thought on a certain Roger?—that same brother
 Who hated John, and whom John hated?

'Tis, now, a necessary thing to say
 That, at this juncture, Roger wasn't well;
 Poor Man! he had been rubbing, all the day,
 His stomach with coarse towels;
 And clapping trenchers, hot as hell,
 Upon his bowels;
 Where spasms were kicking up a furious frolick,
 Afflicting him with mulligrubs and cholick.

He also had imbibed, to sooth his pains,
 Of *pulvis rhei* very many grains;

And to the garden's deepest shade was bent,
 To give, quite privily, his sorrows vent:

When, *there*,—alive and merry to appearance—

He 'spied his ancient foe, by the moon's light!—

Who sat erect, with so much perseverance,

It look'd as if he kept his post in spite.

A case it is of piteous distress

If, carrying a secret grief about,

We wish to bury it in a recess,

And find another there, who keeps us out.

Expecting, soon, his enemy to go,

Roger, at first, walk'd to and fro,

With tolerably tranquil paces ;
 But finding John determined to remain,
 Roger, each time he pass'd, thro' spite or pain,
 Made, at his adversary, hideous faces.

How Misery will lower human pride !

And make us buckle!—

Roger, who, all his life, had John defied,
 Was now obliged to speak him fair,—and truckle.

“ Behold me,” Roger cried, “ behold me, John !

“ Intreating as a *favour* you'll be gone ;

“ Me! your sworn foe, tho' fellow-lodger ;

“ Me!—who, in agony, tho' sning now to you,

“ Would, once, have seen you damn'd ere make a bow to you,

“ Me—Roger * !”

* This is a palpable plagiarism. *Rolla* thus addresses *Pizarro* :

“ *Behold me, at thy feet—Me—Rolla!—Me, that never yet have*

To this address, so fraught with the pathetick,
 John remain'd dumb, as a Pythagorean;
 Seeming to hint, "Roger, you're a plebeian
 Peripatetick."

When such choice oratory has not hit,
 When it is, e'en, unanswer'd by a grunt,
 'Twould justify tame Job to curse a bit,
 And set an Angler swearing, in his punt.

Cholerick Roger could not brook it;—

So seeing a huge brick-bat, up he took it;

bent or *bow'd*—in humble *agony* I *sue* to you."—The theft is more glaring, as the Apostrophe, both here, and in the original, occurs in the midst of a strong incident, and is addressed to an Enemy by a proud spirit, in very moving circumstances.

And aiming, like a marksman at a crow,
 Plump on the breast he hit his deadly foe;
 Who fell, like Pedants' periods, to the ground,—
 Very inanimate, and very round.

Here is another Picture, reader mine!—

I gave you one in the first Canto * ;—

This is more solemn, mystical, and fine,—

Like something in the Castle of Otranto.

Bring, bring me, now, a Painter, for the work,

Who on the subject will, with furor, rush!

Some Artist who can sup upon raw pork,

To make him dream of horrors, for his brush!

* *Vide* Part 1st, page 61, four first lines.

Come, Linners, come! who choke your house's entry
 With dear, unmeaning lumber, from your easels;
 Dull heads of the Nobility, and Gentry;
 Full lengths of fubsey Belles, or Beaux like weasels!

Come, Linners, hither come! and draw
 A finer incident than e'er ye saw!

Here is a John, by moon-light, (a fat monk,)
 Lying stone *dead*; and, here, a Roger, *quick*!
 And over John stands Roger, in a funk,
 Supposing he has kill'd him with a brick!

There, Painters! there!
 Now, by Apelles's gamboge, I swear!

Such a dead subject never comes,
 Among those *lifeless living* ye display ;
 Then, thro' your palettes thrust your graphick thumbs,—
 And work away !

Seeing John dead as a door nail,
 Roger began to wring his hands, and wail ;
 Calling himself, Beast, Butcher, cruel Turk !
 Thrice “ *Benedicite !*” he mutter’d ;
 Thrice, in the eloquence of grief, he utter’d ;
 “ I’ve done a pretty job of journey-work !”

Some people will show symptoms of repentance
 When Conscience, like a chastening Angel, smites ’em ;
 Some from mere dread of the Law’s sentence,
 When Newgate, like the very Devil, frights ’em :—

That Virtue's struggles, in the heart, denotes,
This Vice's hints, to men's left ears, and throats.

Now Roger's conscience, it appears, °
 Was not, by half, so lively as his fears.

His breast, soon after he was born,
 Grew like an Hostler's lanthorn, at an Inn;—
 All the circumference was dirty horn,
 And feebly blink'd the ray of warmth within.

In short, for one of his religious function,
 His Conscience was both cowardly and callous;
 No melting Cherub whisper'd to't "Compunction!"
 But grim Jack Ketch disturb'd it, crying "Gallows!"

And all his sorrow, for this deed abhorr'd,
Was nothing but antipathy to *cord*.

A padlock'd door stood in the garden-wall,
Where John, by Roger's brick-bat, chanced to fall,
And Roger had a key that could undo it ;
'Thro' this same door, at any time of day,
They brought, into the Convent, corn, and hay ;——
Sometimes, at dusk, a pretty girl came thro' it :
Just to confess herself, to some grave codger ;
Perhaps, she came to John,—perhaps, to Roger.

Out at this portal Roger made a shift
To lug his worst of foes ;
For, seizing (as the gout was wont) his toes,
He dragg'd the load he couldn't lift.

Achilles, thus, drew round the Trojan plain,
The ten-years' Adversary he had slain.—

Yet,—for I scorn a Grecian to disparage,—

Achilles in more style, and splendour, did it ;
He sported Murder strapp'd behind his carriage,—
But *bourgeois* Roger sneak'd on foot, and hid it.

Roger, however, labour'd on,—

Puffing, and tugging ;—

And hauling John,

As fishermen, on shore, haul up a boat ;—

Till, after a great deal of lugging,

He lugg'd him to the edge of the Knight's moat ;

And stuck him up so straight upon his rear,
 Touching, almost, the water, with his heels,
 That the defunct might pass, not seen too near,
 For some fat gentleman who bobb'd for eels.

Swiftly did Roger then retrace his ground,
 Lighter than he came out, by many a pound.

So have I seen, on Marlborough downs, a hack,
 Eased of a great man's chaise, and coming back,
 From Bladud's springs, upon the western road;
 No bloated Noble's luggage at his rump,
 Whose doom's, that dread of pick-pockets, the pump.
 He canters home, from Bath, without his load.

Sir Thomas being scrupulous, and queasy,
Couldn't, in all this interval, be easy.

He went to bed;—and, there, began to burn;

Nine times he turn'd, in wond'rous perturbation;—

He woke her Ladyship, at every turn,—

And gave her, full nine times, complete vexation.

To seek the Duke of Limbs, at length, he rose,

And prowld with him, lamenting Fortune's stripes;

Now in the rookery among the Crows,

Now squashing in the marsh, among the snipes:

Wishing strange wishes;—among many,

He wish'd,—ere he had clapp'd his eyes on any,

All Priests, and Crabsticks, thrown into the fire ;—
 Or, seeing Providence ordain'd it so,
 That Priest, and Crabstick, (to his grief,) must grow,
 He wish'd stout Crabstick couldn't kill fat Friar.

Men's wishes will be partial, now and then ;—
 As, in this case, 'tis plainly seen ;
 Wherein, Sir Thomas, full of spleen,
 “ Wish'd to burn all the Crabs, and Clergymen.

Think ye that *he*,—at wishing tho' a dab,—
 To wish such harm to any *Knight* would urge ye?
 Yet he, a Knight, had taken up a Crab,
 And thump'd to death, with it, one of the Clergy.

As he went wishing on,
 With the great Duke of Limbs behind him,—
 Horror on horror!—he saw John
 Where least of all he ever thought to find him!

Stuck up, an end, in placid grace,
 Like a stuff'd Kangaroo,—tho' vastly fatter,—
 With the full moon upon his chubby face,
 Like a brass pot-lid shining on a platter.

“ ‘Sdeath!” quoth the Knight, of half his powers bereft,

“ Didst thou not tell me *where* this Friar was left?

“ Men rise again, to *push us from our stools**!”

To which the Duke replied, with steady phiz,—

“ Them as took pains to push that Friar from *his*,

“ At such a time o’night, was cursed fools.”

* Shakespeare certainly borrowed this expression from Sir Thomas.—See *Macbeth*.

“ Ah!” sigh’d Sir Thomas, “ while I wander here,

“ By fortune stamp’d a Homicide, alas!”

(And, as he spoke, a penitential tear

Mingled with Heaven’s dew-drops, on the grass ;)—

“ Will no one from my eyes yon Spectre pull?”

“ Sir Thomas,” said the Duke of Limbs, “ I wool.”

He would have thrown the garbage in the moat,

But the Knight told him fat was prone to float.

The Lout, at length, having bethought him,

Heav’d up the Friar on his back once more ;

And (Castles having armories of yore)

Into the Knight’s old Armory he brought him.

Among the gorgeous, shining Coats of Mail,
 That grac'd the walls, on high, in gallant show,—
 As pewter pots, in houses fam'd for ale,
 Glitter, above the Bar-maid, in a row,—

A curious, antique suit was hoarded,
 Cover'd with dust ;
 Which had, for many years, afforded
 An iron dinner to that ostrich, Rust.

Though this was all too little,—in a minute,
 The Duke of Limbs ramm'd the fat Friar in it ;—
 So a good Housewife takes a narrow skin,
 To make black puddings, and stuffs hog's meat in.

The Knight, who saw this ceremony pass,
 Inquir'd the meaning ; when the Duke did say,—
 “ I'll tie him on ould Dumpling, that's at grass,
 “ And turn him out, a top of the highway.”

This Steed,—who now, it seems, was grazing—
 In the French wars had often borne the Knight ;—
 His symmetry beyond the power of praising,
 And prouder than Bucephalus, in fight !

Once, how he paw'd the ground, and snuff'd the gale !
 Uncropp'd his ears, undock'd his flowing tail ;
 No blemish was within him, nor without him ;
 Perfect he was in every part ;——
 No barbarous Farrier, with infernal art,
 Had mutilated the least bit about him.

Of high Arabian pedigree,

Father of many four-foot babes was he ;

And sweet hoof'd Beauties still would he be rumpling ;

But counting five and twenty from his birth,

At grass for life, unwieldy in the girth,

He had obtain'd, alas ! the name of Dumpling.

Now, at the postern stood the gay old Charger ;

Saddled, and housed,—in full caparison !

Now on his back,—no rider larger,—

Upright, and stiff, and tied with cords, sat John :

Arm'd cap-à-piè completely, like a knight

Going to fight.

A Lance was in the rest, of stately beech ;

Nothing was wanting, but a Page, or 'squire ;—

The Duke, with thistles, switch'd old Dumpling's breech ;

And off he clatter'd, with the martial Friar.

Now, in the Convent let us take a peep,—
Where Roger, like Sir Thomas, couldn't sleep:

Instead of singing requiems, and psalms,
For fat John's soul, he had been seiz'd with
qualms;

Thinking it would be rash to tarry there;—
And having, prudently, resolv'd on flight,
Knock'd up a neighb'ring Miller, in the night,
And borrow'd his grey Mare.

Thus, trotting off,—beneath a row of trees
He saw a sight that made his marrow freeze!"—
A furious Warrior follow'd him, in mail,
Upon a Charger, close at his Mare's tail!

He cross'd himself!—and, canting, cried,

Oh, sadly have I sinned!—

Then stuck his heels in his Mare's side;—

And, then, old Dumpling whinny'd!

Roger whipp'd, and Roger spurr'd,

Distilling drops of fear!

But while he spurr'd, still, still he heard

The wanton Dumpling at his rear.

'Twas dawn;—he look'd behind him, in the chase;

When, lo! the features of fat John,—

His beaver up, and pressing on,

Glar'd, ghastly, in the wretched Roger's face!

The Miller's mare, who oft had gone the way,
 Scamper'd with Roger into Norwich Town;
 And, there, to all the market-folks' dismay,
 Old Dumpling beat the mare, with Roger, down.

Brief let me be;—the Story soon took air;—
 For Townsmen are inquisitive, of course,
 When a live Monk rides in upon a Mare,
 Chased by a dead one, arm'd, upon a Horse.

Sir Thomas up to London sped, full fast,
 To beg his life, and lands, of Royal Harry;
 And, for his services, in Gallia, past,
 His suit did not miscarry:—
 For, in those days,—thank Heaven they are mended!—
 Kings hang'd poor Rogues, while rich ones were
 befriended.

YE CRITICKS, and ye HYPER-CRITICKS!—who
Have deign'd (in reading this my story thro')

A patient, or impatient, ear to lend me,—
If, as I humbly amble, ye complain
I give my Pegasus too loose a rein,
'Tis time to call *my Betters*, to defend me.

Come, SWIFT! who made so merry with the Nine;
With thy far bolder Muse, Oh shelter mine!

When she is styled a slattern, and a trollop;—
Force stubborn Gravity to doff his gloom;
Point to thy Cælia, and thy Dressing-Room,
Thy Nymph at bed-time, and thy famed Maw-Wallop!

Come STERNE!—whose prose, with all a Poet's art,
Tickles the fancy, while it melts the heart!—

Since at apologies I ne'er was handy,—

Come, while fastidious Readers run me hard,

And screen, sly playful wag ! a hapless Bard,

Behind one volume of thy *Tristram Shandy* !

Ye Two, alone!—tho' I could bring a score

Of brilliant names, and high examples, more—

Plead for me, when 'tis said I misbehave me !

And, ye, *sour Censors!* in your crabbed fits,

Who will not let them rescue me as *Wits*,

Prithee, as *Parsons*, suffer 'em to save me !

THE
ELDER BROTHER.

CENTRICK, in London noise, and London follies,
Proud Covent Garden blooms, in smoky glory ;
For chairmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
Cabbages, and comedians, fam'd in story !

On this gay spot, (upon a sober plan,)
Dwelt a right regular, and staid, young man ;—
Much did he early hours and quiet love ;
And was entitled Mr. Isaac Shove.

An Orphan he ;—yet rich in expectations,
 (Which nobody seem'd likely to supplant)
 From, that prodigious *bore* of all relations,
 A fusty, canting, stiff-rump'd Maiden Aunt :
 The wealthy Miss Lucretia Cloghorthy,—
 Who had brought Isaac up, and *own'd* to forty.

Shove on this maiden's Will relied securely ;
 Who vow'd she ne'er would wed, to mar his riches ;
 Full often would she say of Men, demurely,—
 “ I can't abide the filthy things in breeches !”

He had Apartments up two pair of stairs ;
 On the first floor lodged Doctor Crow ;—
 The Landlord was a torturer of hairs,
 And made a grand display of wigs, below ;
 From the beau's Brutus, to the parson's grizzle :—
 Over the door-way was his name ;—'twas Twizzle.

Now, you must know,

This Doctor Crow

Was not of Law, nor Musick, nor Divinity;—

He was *obstetrick*;—but, the fact is,

He didn't in Lucina's *turnpike* practise;

He took *bye-roads*—reducing Ladies' shapes,

Who had secur'd themselves from leading apes,

But kept the reputation of virginity.

Crow had a roomy tenement of brick,

Enclos'd with walls, one mile from Hyde Park corner;

Fir trees, and yews, were planted round it, thick;—

No situation was *forlorn* *!

Yet, notwithstanding folks might scout it,

It suited qualmish Spinsters, who fell sick,

And didn't wish the world to know about it.

* This seems to be a *new comparative*; for which the Author takes to himself due credit;—Novelty being scarce in poetical compositions.

Here many a single gentlewoman came,

Pro tempore,—full tender of her fame!

Who, for a while, took leave of friends in town—

“ Business, forsooth! to Yorkshire call’d her
down,

“ Too weighty to be settled by Attorney!”—

And, in a month’s, or six weeks’ time, came back;

When every body cried, “ Good lack!

“ How monstrous *thin* you’ve grown, upon your
journey!”

The Doctor, knowing that a puff of Scandal

Would blow his private trade to tatters,

Dreaded to give the smallest handle

To those who dabble in their neighbours’ matters;

Therefore, he wisely held it good

To hide his practice from the neighbourhood ;—

And not appear, there, as a resident ;

But merely one who, casually, went

To see the lodgers in the large brick house ;—

To lounge, and chat, not minding time a souse ;—

Like one to whom all business was quite foreign ;—

And, thus, he visited his female sick ;

Who lay as thick,

Within his tenement of brick,

As rabbits in a warren.

He lodged in Covent Garden all the while,

And, if they sent, in haste, for his assistance,

He soon was with 'em—'twas no mighty distance—

From the town's end it was but a bare mile.

Now Isaac Shove

Living above

This Doctor Crow,

And knowing Barber 'Twizzle lived below,

Thought it might be as well,

Hearing so many knocks, single and double,

To buy, at his own cost, a street-door bell,

And save confusion, in the house, and trouble ;

Whereby his (Isaac's) visitors might know,

Without long waiting in the dirt and drizzle.

To ring for him at once ;—and not to knock for Crow,—

Nor 'Twizzle.

Besides, he now began to feel

The want of it was rather *ungenteel* ;

For he had, often, thought it a disgrace
 To hear, while sitting in his room, above,
 Twizzle's shrill maid, on the first landing place,
 Screaming, "a man below wants Mister Shove!"

The bell was bought; the wire was made to steal
 Round the dark stair-case, like a tortur'd eel,—

Twisting, and twining;

The jemmy handle Twizzle's door-post graced,
 And, just beneath, a brazen plate was placed,

Lacquer'd and shining;—

Graven whereon, in characters full clear,
 And legible, did "Mr. Shove" appear;
 And furthermore, which you might read right well,
 Was—"Please to ring the bell."

At half past ten, precisely, to a second,

Shove, every night, his supper ended ;

And sipp'd his glass of negus, till he reckon'd,

By his stop-watch, exactly, one more quarter ;

Then, as exactly, he untied one garter ;—

A token 'twas that he for bed intended :

Yet having, still, a quarter good before him,

He leisurely undress'd before the fire,—

Contriving, as the quarter did expire,

To be as naked as his mother bore him ;

Bating his shirt, and night-cap on his head ;—

Then, as the watchman bawl'd eleven,

He had one foot in bed,

More certainly than cuckolds go to Heaven.

Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity,

Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity!

But there are swilling Wights, in London town,

Term'd—Jolly dogs,—Choice Spirits,—*alias*, Swine;

Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,

Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who Life's pleasures, thus, out-run,

Dosing, with head-aches, till the afternoon,

Lose half men's regular estate of Sun,

By borrowing, too largely, of the Moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tossput hight,—

Was coming from the Bedford, late at night:

And being *Bacchi plenus*,—full of wine,—

Although he had a tolerable notion

Of aiming at progressive motion

'Twasn't direct,—'twas serpentine.

He work'd, with sinuosities, along,

Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming thro' a Cork ;

Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong,

A Fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,

He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate ;

When reading “ Please to ring the bell,”

And being civil, beyond measure,

“ Ring it !” Says Toby—“ very well ;

“ I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure.”

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down.

He waited full two minutes; no one came;

He waited full two minutes more;—and then,—
Says Toby, “if he’s deaf, I’m not to blame;
“I’ll pull it for the gentleman again.”

But the first peal ’woke Isaac, in a fright,
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
Sat on his head’s *Antipodes*, in bed,—
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length he, wisely, to himself did say,—
Calming his fears,—

“Tush! ’tis some fool has rung, and run away;”—
When peal the second rattled in his ears!

Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor ;

And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,
He groped down stairs, and open'd the street door,
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac ey'd Toby, fearfully askant, —

And saw he was a strapper,—stout and tall ;
Then, put this question ;—“ Pray, Sir, what d'ye want ?”
Says Toby,—“ I want nothing, Sir, at all.”

“ Want nothing !—Sir, you've pull'd my bell, I vow,
“ As if you'd jerk it off the wire !”

Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—
“ I pull'd it, Sir, at your desire.”

“ At mine !”—“ Yes your’s—I hope I’ve done it well ;

“ High time for bed, Sir ; I was hast’ning to it ;

“ But if you write up *please to ring the bell*,

“ Common politeness makes me stop, and do it.”

Isaac, now, waxing wroth apace,

Slamm’d the street door in Toby’s face,

With all his might ;

And Toby, as he shut it, swore

He was a dirty son of something more

Than delicacy suffers me to write :

And, lifting up the knocker, gave a knock,

So long, and loud, it might have rais’d the dead ;

Twizzle declares his house sustain’d a shock,

Enough to shake his lodgers out of bed.

Toby, his rage thus vented in the rap,
Went serpentine home, to take his nap.

'Tis, now, high time to let you know
That the obstetrick Doctor Crow
Awoke in the beginning of this matter,
By Toby's *tintinnabulary* clatter :

And, knowing that the bell belong'd to Shove,
He listen'd in his bed, but did not move ;

He only did apostrophize—

Sending to hell

Shove, and his bell,

That wouldn't let him close his eyes.

But when he heard a thundering *knock*,—says he,

“ That’s, certainly, a messenger for *me* ;—

“ Somebody ill, in the Brick House, no doubt ;”—

Then mutter’d, hurrying on his dressing-gown,

“ I wish my Ladies, out of town,

“ Chose more convenient times for crying out !”

Crow, in the dark, now, reach’d the staircase head ;

Shove, in the dark, was coming up to bed.

A combination of ideas flocking,

Upon the pericranium of Crow,—

Occasion’d by the hasty knocking,

Succeeded by a foot he heard below !—

He did, as many folks are apt to do,

Who argue in the dark, and in confusion ;—

That is, from the hypothesis, he drew

A false conclusion ;

Concluding Shove to be the person sent,
 With an express, from the brick tenement;
 Whom Barber Twizzle, torturer of hairs,
 Had, civilly, let in, and sent up stairs.

As Shove came up, tho' he had, long time, kept
 His character, for patience, very laudably,
 He couldn't help, at every step he stepp'd,
 Grunting, and grumbling in his gizzard, audibly ;

For Isaac's mental feelings, you must know,
 Not only were considerably hurt,
 But his corporeal, also—

 Having no other clothing than a shirt;—
 A dress, beyond all doubt, most light and airy,
 It being, then, a frost in January.

When Shove was deep down stairs, the Doctor heard,
 (Being much nearer the stair top)

Just here and there, a random word,
 Of the Soliloquies that Shove let drop;—

But, shortly, by progression, brought
 To contact nearer,

The Doctor, consequently, heard him clearer,—

And then the fag-end of this sentence caught;

Which Shove repeated warmly, tho' he shiver'd:—

“ Damn Twizzle's house! and damn the Bell!

“ And damn the Fool who rang it!—Well,

“ From all such plagues I'll quickly be deliver'd.”

“ What?—quickly be deliver’d!” echoes Crow;—

“ Who is it?—Come, be sharp—reply, reply;

“ Who wants to be deliver’d? let me know.”

Recovering his surprise, Shove answer’d, “ I;”

“ *You be deliver’d!*” Says the Doctor,—“ ’Sblood!”

Hearing a man’s gruff voice—“ You lout! you lob!”

“ You be deliver’d!—Come, that’s very good!”

Says Shove, “ I will, so help me Bob!”

“ Fellow,” cried Crow, “ you’re drunk with filthy beer!

“ A drunkard, fellow, is a brute’s next neighbour;—

“ But Miss Cloghorty’s time was very near,

“ And, I suppose, Lucretia’s now in labour.”

“ Zounds!” bellows Shove, with rage and wonder wild,
 “ Why then, my *maiden* Aunt is *big with child!*”

Here was, at once, a sad discovery made!

Lucretia’s frolick, now, was past a joke ;—
 Shove trembled for his Fortune, Crow, his Trade,—
 Both, both saw ruin,—by one fatal stroke!

But, with his Aunt, when Isaac did discuss,
 She hush’d the matter up, by speaking thus :—

“ Sweet Isaac!” said Lucretia, “ spare my Fame!—
 “ Tho’, for my babe, I feel as should a mother,
 “ Your Fortune will continue much the same ;
 “ For,—keep the Secret,—you’re his *Elder Brother.*”

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LOVE AND SATIRE:

CONTAINING THE

SARCASTIC CORRESPONDENCE

OF

JULIUS AND ELIZA.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A FEW BRIEF MEMOIRS

OF

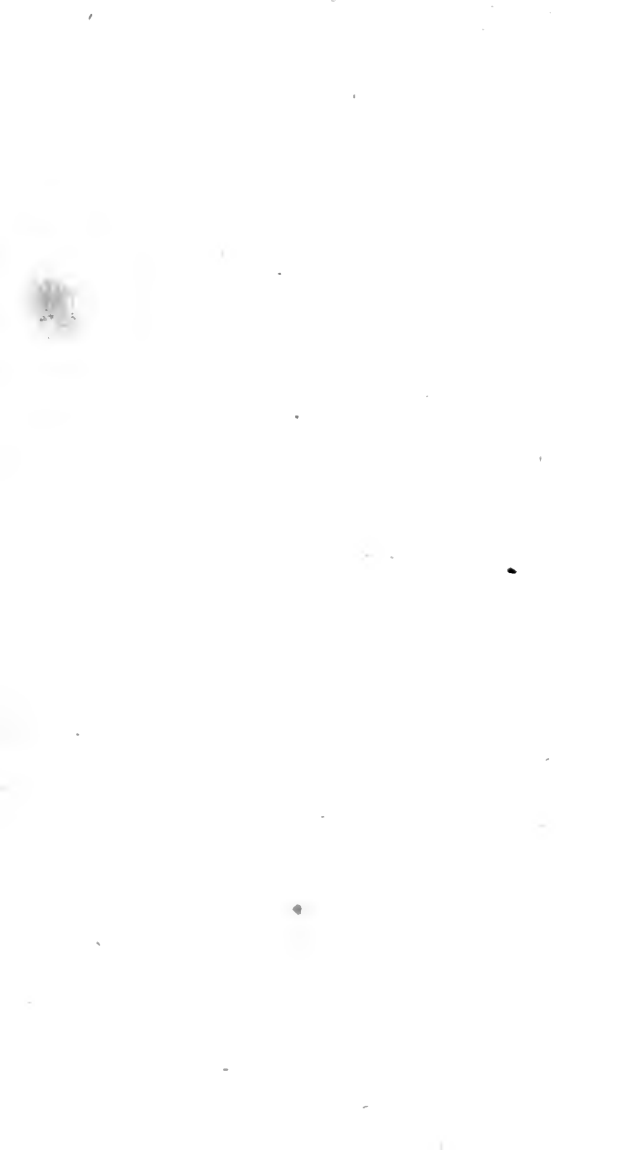
AN UNFORTUNATE LOVER.

*“ Les Pleurs, de la Nuit,
“ Paient, les ris de la journée.”*

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY M. ALLEN,
N^o 15, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1805.



P R E F A C E.

How far a friend is privileged to compute the public judgment by his own partial feelings, or right in measuring the degree of satisfaction that may accrue to others, by the standard of his own interested affections, deserves to meet with due consideration. Many posthumous compositions are obtruded upon public notice, that ought to be destroyed, or at least confined to the lecture of a domestic circle. Many essays are exalted into the importance of classic productions, and thought worthy to engage the admiration of the skilful Critic, when they are at best calculated only for the amusement of a few individuals, often incapable of judging what is excellent or useful. The publications of memoirs, even of persons the most obscure and insignificant, have of late years so fulsomely abounded, that the town is now disgusted with the biographic Mania. Conscious that in the present refined age of literature nothing below the par of excellence can hope to meet indulgence, it is with diffidence I offer to the World the

A 2

following

following pages; yet, as the narratives of those who have been distinguished for any eccentricities of character, pre-eminence of talents, or extraordinary occurrences, seldom fail to yield delight, I flatter myself what is now offered to the public will contribute to their amusement.

A short account of an unfortunate lover may not be thought unworthy publication. Although there is almost an unvaried sameness in the histories of disappointed lovers, still, an inexhaustible degree of interest arises from such relations, and there is no description of tale that admits such frequency of repetition.

Some imperfect copies of the satiric correspondence of Julius and Eliza, having been circulated in manuscript, and being likely to find their way into some of the periodical prints, I have determined to anticipate the intentions of those who wish to see them printed, by uttering a more correct edition, accompanied by a few brief memoirs of a man, to whose memory it is my chief ambition thus to offer up a friendly tribute.

MEMOIRS
OF
JULIUS.

How even the tenor of human life would run, if all the actions of men were governed by reason. What a blank would the history of this world present, if adversity no more gave birth to the variety of incidents, and that succession of events, with which the human lot is now diversified. Who does not hope to see prosperity ordained the recompense of merit? Who does not wish, even in this world, to see success and fame attend the undertakings of the wise and learned?

To aspire to elevated, arduous, and generous enterprise, and to fail in the attainment of their objects; to begin with hope, and to finish with despair; has often been

the lot of men the most conspicuous for worth, and most pre-eminent for genius.

There is too often something wayward, or characteristically singular, in the destiny of wits and men of talents. If the man of genius was prosperous in proportion to the superiority of his intellectual endowments, his enjoyments would be too various; his advantages too transcendent; he would then, in fact, be exalted to a rank above the lot of human nature.

To be oppressed with poverty, when struggling for independence; to experience neglect, when he deserves encouragement; censure, when he merits praise; envy, when he ought to excite admiration; and hatred, where he sues for love: such often is, alas, the fatal destiny that waits upon the man of genius!

Although the talents of Julius, when living, did not obtain him that celebrity which often is enjoyed by men of letters,
still

still he possessed the most unbounded admiration of his friends. His endowments were of the most brilliant and extraordinary nature; his character was alike compounded of the gay and the pathetic; the cheerful and the serious. He had a genius for good-natured satire, his sallies of pleasantry were eccentric, his opinions whimsical, his ideas ludicrous, and communicated in a choice of humorous expressions thoroughly original. Replete with anecdote and information, there was no topic of conversation that he did not render pleasing and instructive; facetious and convivial to a high degree; his jests, like those of Yorick, gave delight to all around him; in his absence there seemed to be a vacuum in the hall of Momus; and when he quitted the scenes of jollity, his departure gave rise to a regret like that occasioned by the exit of Mercutio.

Though his parents moved in a respectable sphere of life, the education of Julius was such as fitted him for more ambitious views. His early prospects inspired expectations of

ease and independence, that were frustrated by the subsequent misfortunes of his father, who dying, left his son no dowry but his talents. At the age of thirteen his mind began to expand, his passions were awakened, and he became remarkable at once for a love of justice, and a most warm susceptibility to all the tenderest emotions of the heart; friendship, compassion, and generosity, reigned in his bosom.

Accompanied by all these flattering omens, and gilded by the rising promise of superior talents, he entered upon life. The course of his education was such as to inspire a taste for letters, and a love of elegant pursuits; warmed into emulation by his classical exercises, he was soon stimulated to a trial of his own powers, and discovered a facility of composition, a fecundity of ideas, and that copious unpremeditated flow of fanciful conceptions, which are peculiar only to the man of genius.

His character, like that of most persons of sensibility, was marked by rapid alternations. He fluctuated often between a state of pensive melancholy, and a degree of rapturous vivacity, that bordered upon extasy. In these brilliant moments, his satire became irresistibly severe. The manners, vices, and misconduct, and not the misfortunes, and personal peculiarities of men, were the objects of his derision ; in short, he was a being of a disposition thoroughly benignant, and bore an amity to all his fellow-creatures. Such was the man whose loss I now lament. He was frequently involved in difficulties, and although there was nothing serious in the nature of his embarrassments, he was apt to grow solicitous, and magnify the ills of life, having too often a propensity to anticipate the worst. If he had possessed a temperament less sanguine, he might have borne up against his calamities, which were of a nature frequently to press but lightly on the minds of ordinary men. Many of his sorrows and misfortunes originated in his own excessive sensibility: prone to ingenious speculations, he busied his imagination with visionary

schemes for the advancement of human happiness, and indulged such theories of intellectual refinement, and moral excellence, as never can be realised, without regenerating human nature. Disappointed at the fallacy of his hopes, and convinced by painful experience, of the futility of his projects, he sometimes resigned himself to a regret that almost bordered on despondence. This gloomy temperament would have plunged him into a state of apathy, had not his talents for satire stimulated him into an active warfare against the world's depravity. Although he possessed the highest relish for elegant amusements, had an enthusiastic love for the fine arts, and was of a disposition so festive and convivial, still the first great object of his wishes was to pass his days in rural sequestration, where the necessities of life would be curtailed, the inconveniences of poverty diminished, and the disappointments attendant upon a public career totally excluded. He was a passionate admirer of rural scenery, and oft indulged in solitary contemplative walks, wandering about
from

from village to village, to observe the manners of the peasantry, and to treasure up matter for philosophical reflection; but the time arrived when he was for awhile diverted from the love of solitude, and all his faculties were absorbed in an attachment that filled his breast with new desires.

Chance, or rather let me say his evil destiny, brought him acquainted with a lady, whose uncommon beauty and superior talents, inspired a passion that terminated only with existence. Possessed of an ample fortune, solely at her own disposal, conscious of her high advantages, and irresistible attractions, Eliza practis'd all the airs, and exerted all the insolent superiority of a woman who feels secure of universal admiration. Had she been less beautiful, or less accustomed in her youth to adulation, she might have proved an ornament to her sex; but unfortunately, she received that contemptible species of education, which encourages vanity, inspires arrogance, and fosters the principles of self-affection, to a degree that

soon excludes all worthy passions from the heart. Eliza was a Coquette of most unrivalled eminence; no woman could dispute with her the palm of torturing a lover. She, from motives the most unrelenting and perfidious, exerted every art to captivate the affections of others, without possessing either the inclination or the power to love one being in existence but herself. Such was this cruel, proud and unimpassioned woman, whom the most tender, generous and sensitive of men was doomed to love. In the company of Eliza, Julius experienced a degree of restraint that was novel to his character: his natural address was perfectly easy, conciliating, and familiar; but before that beautiful, imposing, and fascinating woman, he stood embarrassed and confounded. All the strength of judgment, all the brilliancy of imagination, readiness of wit, and fluency of elocution, for which he once was famed, deserted him. The ruling passion of Eliza was satire, for which she had a genius; but in her sallies of humour good-nature bore no part. Her wit was in
direct

direct opposition to the feminine grace, and delicate appearance of her person; it was often coarse, remorseless, and inelegant. Her severity, even towards her friends, was often most oppressive and unsparing; while her talents for ridicule, though irresistibly amusing, rendered her company alike an object of solicitude and apprehension. Julius had never been before in the society of a woman who possessed such powerful talents; there was something so bold and vigorous in her sallies, that he gave himself up to the most unbounded admiration. He regarded her at once as a phenomenon of wit and beauty, and for the first time in his life, felt a sensation in his bosom, that exceeded all the former extasies with which a heart so sensitive had ever throbbled. He had read of love, had sympathized in the misfortunes, and participated the delicate emotions of a Petrarch, a Hammond, a Shenstone, and a Waller: he was acquainted, as it were, with the theory of love; but until his knowledge of Eliza, no woman had ever touched his heart.

Nothing

Nothing could exceed the violence of the passion, with which she inspired him. He gives a lively picture of his feelings to a friend, with whom he had long been in the habit of confidential correspondence:

“ WITH justice, my dear friend, you re-
 “ proach me for my ungrateful silence, and
 “ the sudden neglect into which I have
 “ allowed our social intercourse to fall; but
 “ I am no longer a being possessed of social
 “ inclinations; I am no longer capable of
 “ yielding or receiving amusement or de-
 “ light. Until now, I have ever considered
 “ it an alleviation to pour forth the secret
 “ sorrows of my heart, and to give my griefs
 “ to the participation of your sympathy.
 “ But I now feel oppressed with a degree
 “ of diffidence and reluctance to disclose,
 “ even to the friend I most sincerely
 “ value, the secret of my bosom. Yes,
 “ for the first time in my life, I feel a sen-
 “ timent resembling shame when I avow
 “ the secrets of my heart. At the weakness
 “ of that heart I tremble; it has been the
 study

“ study of my life to hold my passions in
 “ subjection; but how vain are the ef-
 “ forts of reason, when opposed to the
 “ paramount affections of the heart! I have
 “ said enough. You will already anticipate
 “ that an unfortunate attachment proves the
 “ source of my disquietude. The more I
 “ reflect, the more deeply I feel the ne-
 “ cessity of struggling against a passion that
 “ must be fruitless; that promises nothing
 “ but sorrow and despondence; that soon
 “ must terminate in ruin and disgrace!
 “ There is that disparity in my circum-
 “ stances and those of the lady to whose
 “ affections I aspire, that places an insupe-
 “ rable barrier between us. She is so
 “ beautiful as to challenge universal
 “ suffrages of admiration, and to invite
 “ the attentions of men conspicuous
 “ for rank, and gifted with the first ad-
 “ vantages: she has a fortune, also, that
 “ places her above the level of my poor
 “ pretensions. Under these considerations
 “ I have refrained from all advances, to
 “ spare myself the pain of being scornfully
 “ rejected; for you know that I am proud.
 “ You

“ You know it is my ruling weakness to be
 “ nicely jealous of my feelings, and haugh-
 “ tily to hold my mind above the ungener-
 “ ous world’s humiliation. This is a weak-
 “ ness, for are we not incessantly exposed
 “ to the derision, and the slights of those
 “ who have more elegance of person, more
 “ wealth, more fame, and more illustrious
 “ connections than ourselves? It is indeed
 “ a weakness to suffer such unworthy cares
 “ to prey upon our quiet; but it is a weak-
 “ ness of a more enormous magnitude to
 “ cherish hopes that never can be realized,
 “ and resign our hearts to the dominion of
 “ a passion that cannot be requited. But
 “ what are the resolutions of the lover, to
 “ combat his affections, and regain his free-
 “ dom? what, but efforts vain and fruitless
 “ as the toils of Sisyphus? By a passion
 “ like mine, some beings might be stimu-
 “ lated to daring efforts, and raised above
 “ themselves; but I feel prostrated to a
 “ state of mind and body the most supine.
 “ Love is to me a perfect disease; how
 “ can I describe my feelings? Feverish,
 “ restless, languid, listless, enervated;
 “ weaned

“ weaned from all rational pursuits, incapa-
 “ ble of study, disgusted with all former
 “ sources of enjoyment, my faculties
 “ seem paralyzed.. I am guilty of follies
 “ and extravagances, the commissions of
 “ which are accompanied by disgust and
 “ self-reproach; I blush at them, but I re-
 “ peat them the next moment. What can
 “ I do to obviate this growing evil? What
 “ ought I to do but fly from the object that
 “ inspires this fatal passion? Believe me, I
 “ only wait for resolution to enforce what
 “ prudence would suggest, but at present I
 “ am destitute of prudence, and possess no
 “ resolution but that of fostering more fondly
 “ the perfidious serpent love has lodged
 “ within my bosom.”

Such was the state of his mind, oppressed
 with diffidence, and fearful of disclosing his
 attachment, his behaviour to Eliza was dis-
 tant, and shackled by an awkward affectation
 of indifference. She, who aspired to an
 imperious pre-eminence over every woman,
 and exacted a tribute of homage from every
 man

man, could not with unconcern perceive the coldness of such a man as Julius, whose estimation she was the more solicitous to acquire, not only because she found him a being far superior to the common-place herd of her lovers; but the more so, as heretofore no woman had been able to inspire him with an attachment. Eliza, who possessed an address the most subtle, and could assume manners the most insinuating, relaxed the usual petulance and arrogance of her behaviour in the company of Julius, whose good opinion she studiously cultivated by all those little delicate attentions, and tacit marks of complacency that indirectly bespeak regard, and promise approbation. Upon all occasions, where disputes could be adjudged to the consideration of superior discernment, or where opinions were to be decided by the standard of taste, the sympathy of genius, or the criterion of learning, Eliza still appealed to Julius. Upon all occasions, she depreciated pretensions arising from accidental prosperity, and personal attractions, and evinced a susceptibility to intellectual enjoyments, that

that harmonized with the most cherished views, and gave encouragement to all the hopes of Julius.

Oppressed with all the timidity that forms the character of real love, even these insidious advances could not embolden Julius to make a declaration of his sentiments. He felt, most painfully, the disparity in their conditions, and would pause to reflect, that a person so mean of aspect and so poor in the gifts of fortune, should not encourage a hope of success with a woman so rich and beautiful. So far the barrier of restraint was removed by her complacency, that by degrees he relaxed in his reserve, approached her with more familiarity, and would sometimes shine forth in the characteristic gaiety, that ever, when at ease, enriched his conversation. This would call forth her powers in return; and it was then he first discovered, with pain, the unbounded talents she possessed for ridicule, and the inordinate degree in which she was disposed to exercise them. Under these impressions, he some time afterwards

terwards composed his ode to ridicule, which was directed to Eliza. He made several efforts to withdraw from her society, but could not arm himself with fortitude enough for so great a sacrifice. During one of these mental conflicts, he became resolved to make an open declaration of his passion, but his fear again predominated; he however ventured anonymously to address several copies of verses to her: these were amorous and tender to a high degree, and of a very different nature from those contained in the Satiric Correspondence, to which they are prefixed. As these pieces were not of a nature to draw forth any reply from Eliza, he still continued ignorant of the real situation of her heart. Sometimes he encouraged a hope, but the terror that she had already bestowed her affections, preyed upon his rest; in vain he endeavoured to discover this circumstance, so important to his happiness, and so decisive of his fate. He had not access to Eliza's confidential friends, if any such indeed she had, for she disliked the society of women, and by her arrogance kept them

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in a state of dependence and subjection, remote from intimacy. Enamoured to the last degree, and tortured with suspense, he formed each day new resolutions, to disclose his sentiments, but at her approach he was as often awed to silence. He however at length determined to address her, and so far conquered his diffidence as to send her the following letter :

“ DEAR MADAM,

“ I know by some, it is esteemed
 “ presumption to approach the object of our
 “ admiration, even with assurances of most
 “ profound respect, and declarations of the
 “ tenderest affection.

“ I know, the customs of the world im-
 “ pose restraints, the most severe upon a
 “ lover, and disallow the liberty I now as-
 “ sume. I know the fashion of our world
 “ decrees that the most liberal, warm, and
 “ generous feelings of the heart, are only
 “ to be uttered by the tongue of a courtier,
 “ and

“ and ushered into notice by a train of
 “ pompous forms, and hacknied ceremonies.

“ Is it possible that an humble declara-
 “ tion of esteem, can be construed into a
 “ work of disrespect? Is it natural, that an
 “ unassuming avowal of affection, should
 “ excite displeasure, or resentment?

“ I never knew till now, the sin of being
 “ envious; till now, I never felt excite-
 “ ments to ambition: but you have given
 “ my heart a stimulus to Emulation. My
 “ bosom now is warmed with great desires,
 “ and bids me covet the attainment of that
 “ splendor and distinction, and the posses-
 “ sion of such high endowments, as might
 “ encourage me to hope, the honor of your
 “ good opinion.

“ On the rich brilliant, and imperial
 “ jewel, we impose a price, that rates it
 “ high above the purchase of the poor.
 “ When I reflect on the disparity of our
 “ situations, when I think of your superior
 “ accomplishments, consummate elegance,
 “ and

“ and matchless beauty; when I consider
“ how cruelly nature has combined with
“ fortune, to place me beneath the reach
“ of your esteem, my heart sinks at the
“ comparison, and while I admit your great
“ and various claims to excellence, I learn
“ more painfully to estimate the poverty
“ and meanness of my own.

“ What have I to boast but strength and
“ purity of love!

“ I hope you will not consider it too
“ great a return, for an honest attachment
“ to satisfy me, as to the possibility of
“ being ever able to hope for your esteem.
“ If you have found a person worthy to
“ possess that place in your affections to
“ which my vanity aspires, do not refuse
“ me the melancholy satisfaction of learn-
“ ing it from under your own hand, and
“ let me dictate your reply, say only “ *Julius*
“ *encourage no vain hopes, from this moment*
“ *our acquaintance terminates;*” I shall then
“ consider it my duty never to obtrude a
“ repetition

“ repetition of my declarations, but seek
 “ in obscurity and solitude to pass the
 “ wretched remnant of my days, where I
 “ will in secret pour forth prayers that you
 “ may long enjoy the full fruition of your
 “ wishes, and be crowned with that pros-
 “ perity and happiness which never can be
 “ mine.”

The admiration of such a lover as Julius,
 was truly gratifying to Eliza's vanity. His
 homage, was a trophy that she proudly wore !
 and this opportunity of insulting him, af-
 forded an enjoyment worthy her malignant
 disposition. Her reply was such as might
 be expected from a Coquette; only that it
 was less remarkable for ignorance and want
 of-elegance, than the style of writing, most
 commonly peculiar to beings of that class.

“ THERE is indeed, my good Sir, as you
 “ justly observe, a kind of etiquette, ap-
 “ propriated by the fashion of this world, to
 “ love and lovers. It is considered an in-
 “ fraction of decorum, abruptly to address
 “ a woman,

“ a woman, even with professions of the
 “ most profound respect, and delicate re-
 “ gard; which, in my mind, is a prohibition
 “ the most ridiculous; for do not these
 “ matters of love afford the most amusing
 “ themes of conversation, and yield to an
 “ impassioned writer, the most auspicious
 “ opportunities for a display of pathos, in-
 “ genuity, and eloquence? When a wo-
 “ man is thus addressed, even if she feels
 “ disposed to undervalue the flattering com-
 “ pliments paid, and to reject the advan-
 “ tageous offers made her, it is customary
 “ (at least if she is a well-bred woman) to
 “ return many polite acknowledgments for
 “ the honor intended, and to express great
 “ thanks for the preference that has been
 “ shewn her: but in my mind, the ill-bred
 “ woman is the most sensible character of
 “ the two, who expresses no thanks; for
 “ what acknowledgments, in truth, are due?
 “ is not love an involuntary passion? and
 “ is not this man’s preference of one woman
 “ to fifty thousand others, a perfect work
 “ of destiny? The obligation of gratitude

“ seems to depend between the woman and
 “ the supreme Director of all earthly things,
 “ who has created her a being capable of
 “ exciting so much admiration, and dis-
 “ posed so many mortal men to love her.
 “ I must say you assume more than the allow-
 “ ed prerogative of a slight acquaintance,
 “ when you interrogate me on the only sub-
 “ ject that a prudent woman would be sup-
 “ posed to veil from public curiosity: how-
 “ ever, Sir, by great good fortune, I possess no
 “ secrets, and may therefore venture without
 “ mystery to divulge to you, what I have
 “ revealed to many others, who have made
 “ a similar enquiry; namely, that my affec-
 “ tions are perfectly disengaged, that I never
 “ expect to entertain a sentiment like love
 “ for any man, and am most truly solicitous
 “ that no man will give himself the trouble
 “ to profess a passion for

ELIZA.”

A man must be himself a lover to con-
 ceive the feelings of Julius when he perused
 this barbarous composition, in which Eliza
 had

had employed such strenuous efforts to insult his modest worth, and agonize his sensibility. How bitterly did he reproach himself, for having exposed his feelings to so rude an outrage. The shock was insupportable, and the attendant consequences proved most melancholy. During a paroxysm of anguish, he burst a vessel in the lungs, and through loss of blood fell into a swoon, from which he was revived with difficulty; a mental languor followed, and he continued many days oppressed with all the torpor that ensues upon excessive grief. When his recovery permitted him to hold a pen, he once again addressed Eliza, but in a style that galled her pride, and touched her in the only vulnerable point. She expected to have been addressed with the language of persuasive rhetoric, and tender supplication; how surprised was she, then, to receive a letter couched in those terms of keen reproof her conduct merited.

“ Tis good morality to invent,
 “ and sound policy to inflict a punishment,

“ for every crime; yet what offence of Ju-
 “ lius, could thus provoke the vengeance
 “ of Eliza?

“ ’Tis not; you own, a very flagrant mis-
 “ demeanour to admire an object nature has
 “ created to excite delight, and challenge
 “ veneration; nay, you confess that love is an
 “ involuntary crime, why then is an offence
 “ so venial, considered in my case, to de-
 “ serve inordinate resentment?

“ If you conceive that my affection
 “ springs from sordid views, the cool in-
 “ dignity and studied scorn with which
 “ you treat me can be justified, and may
 “ not be considered incompatible with the
 “ resentment of a *well-bred person*.—In
 “ what strong language of asseveration shall
 “ I disdain the meanness of a mercenary
 “ passion; and yet you treat me like a
 “ being of this despicable class, or why
 “ assail me with contempt so pointed? I
 “ know no other motive that could provoke
 “ either an ill or well-bred woman, to
 “ compose

“ compose a letter so remorseless, except
 “ indeed the unfeeling vanity of a Coquette,
 “ who exults in the anguish, and delights
 “ in the despondence of a lover; but Eliza
 “ is no Coquette—Eliza has no vanity”—

The blind partiality of a sophisticating passion so far deluded Julius, that the real character of Eliza escaped his penetration. He now discovered the unworthiness of the woman on whom he had bestowed his tenderest affections. In a case, where reason could avail, Julius would soon have found alleviation; but what philosophy can teach a man of feeling calmly to sustain these trials of the heart; or who that loves, can bear with fortitude, the pangs of unrequited passion? So far did reason avail, that Julius on reflection felt he never could have realized his views of happiness in the society of such a woman; but such is the wayward lot of a lover, that even this consideration abated nothing of his ardor. The scorn of his mistress appeared only to excite new desire, and to increase at once the strength

and the extravagance of his attachment. A thousand times he formed the resolution of hurrying to scenes of solitude, but such was his infatuation, that the idea of quitting the place in which Eliza resided, was insupportable; it was worse than death to his imagination. He felt, however, too deeply humiliated, to seek another interview with Eliza, yet often at midnight would he wander out and sit for hours beneath her window warbling from his pathetic flute the most harmonious airs, which he performed with a degree of feeling and expression, that bespoke at once the lover, the musician, and the poet. Thus mournfully would he beguile the restless midnight hours; during the day, he lived at home in close seclusion, yet all his studies were neglected, and his reading confined to such melancholy pages as recorded the sorrows of those, who, like himself, were victims of ill-fated passion. His chief favourites were Petrarch, Hammond, Shenstone, Pope, and Thomson; authors who have so delicately pictured all the feelings of the lover. The spitting of blood

now

now frequently returned, his strength was much impaired, and his health indubitably injured by exposure to the damp dews of the night. There was a wood contiguous to Eliza's house, in which she had lately built a small pavilion: there, Julius used to sit and listen to the affecting dirges of the nightingale, which he would translate into effusions of animated declamation, and appropriate the seeming lamentations of the plaintive songster, to a train of thinking and a state of sufferings, correspondent with his own; there, absorbed in reveries, profoundly sad, and exquisitely tender, he composed his most pathetic pieces. One morning, while he sat thus musing, a beautiful little wood-dove entered the window of the summer-house, and perched upon his breast: he caught it, and lightly tying the points of his wings, suspended round his neck a few extemporary verses, which he addressed to Eliza. He then shut up the bird in the summer-house, knowing that Eliza was accustomed to read there every morning. She came, and found the dove

as will appear from the unfeeling and satiric reply she returned to the billet of Julius, both of which are inserted. A few nights subsequent to this, Julius composed the sonnet, which soon gave rise to the satiric correspondence. Having left a copy of it in the summer-house, where he wrote it by moonlight, Eliza sent it into circulation accompanied by an answer, conspicuous alike for humour and severity: this soon reached Julius, who determined to assume a style of raillery, that might conceal the poignancy of his regret; and by giving the appearance of burlesque to his passion, afford him at once the opportunity of chastising the ungenerous vanity of Eliza, and shield him from exposing to the world the abject state of self-humiliation to which he was depressed. A single reply, to blunt the keen edge of public ridicule, and just to remind Eliza that he possessed talents for raillery as prompt and poignant as herself, was all that Julius intended; but Eliza, to feast the malevolence and vanity of a Coquette, provoked the pen of Julius to a further warfare, thinking

ing the novelty of such a correspondence would give her celebrity, enable her to display her turn for satire, and establish her reputation as a wit. What now most nearly affected the peace of Julius's mind was the imputation of a mercenary passion; his attachment to Eliza, and their sarcastic correspondence attracted much attention: the voice of envy represented him as a man who had been defeated in his attempt to aggrandize himself by a union with a woman of fortune. His want of real and delicate attachment was inferred from the severe and ironical tenor of his verses to Eliza, who gained much credit by her supposed exposure and chastisement of an undeserving lover.

Possessed of a heart most truly generous, and disinterested to the last degree, Julius revolted with indignation at an imputation so unjust; but now from pride he so far disdained to disavow the charge, that he was anxious to appear his own accuser; even ludicrously to insinuate that the fortune of

Eliza was the chief object of his desire. This proved most humiliating to her vanity ; for what could more diminish the force of her attractions, or so far derogate from her pretensions? few men would feel much humbled or distressed, if accused of wishing to espouse a woman for her fortune, but Julius was no vulgar being, his feelings were more acute, and his passions more refined and elevated, than those of ordinary men. He felt with great severity every effort to depreciate his worth, or impeach him in those nice points of honor that regulate the conduct of a generous mind.

Notwithstanding the apparent indifference of Julius, and the jocular manner which he now assumed, nothing could equal his sorrow and dejection: his health too now declined so rapidly, that he felt sensible of his approaching dissolution. Under this conviction he resolved to terminate all correspondence with Eliza, and to retire to a part of the country where he was unknown. An opportunity of bidding adieu to Eliza

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in the manner he desired soon occurred; after which he withdrew to the solitude he had so long anticipated, taking up his residence in a small cottage on the borders of Wales. Here he resided near three months. The fatal malady with which he was afflicted increasing, he prepared for death with cheerfulness and resignation; but the state of his mind will be better exemplified by his two last letters, and some affecting little pieces, which are prefixed to the satiric correspondence. A few days previous to his death, he wrote the following to a friend:

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ I disclosed to you a few months back
 “ the unfortunate attachment I had formed,
 “ and but too well predicted what would
 “ prove the issue. Believe me, I have not
 “ rendered myself a voluntary sacrifice to
 “ this disgraceful passion, against the mas-
 “ tery of which, I struggled with my utmost
 “ force of reason. If the most strenuous
 “ exertions of reflection, and the cool deli-
 “ berations of my serious moments, could

“ have redeemed me from this state of
 “ mental slavery, I should have soon re-
 “ gained my peace, and have dis severed
 “ with disdain, the bonds that linked my
 “ best affections to an object so unworthy;
 “ for, by the rules of reason, ought a man to
 “ value what his judgment disapproves?
 “ Ought any man, indued with generosity
 “ and feeling, to adore a woman who is
 “ most unfeeling and ungenerous? Ought
 “ any man to love with ardor, constancy,
 “ and tenderness, a being of caprice, devoid
 “ of faith, incapable of fondness, and des-
 “ titute of every tender passion?

“ If calm reflections, and the force of
 “ reason would restore the mind’s tranquil-
 “ lity, all evil passions might be easily cor-
 “ rected, and men, becoming more than
 “ philosophers, would rise superior to the
 “ failings of humanity. I feel too forcibly
 “ that these unfortunate attachments are
 “ decreed by Providence, like other visita-
 “ tions of calamity, for purposes of wisdom,
 “ to us inscrutable. These are the dispen-
 “ sations

“ sations that arrest the proud career of
 “ man’s ambition, frustrate his visionary
 “ schemes of happiness, and poison the de-
 “ licious nectar of enjoyment, by dashing
 “ in the cup the bitterness of disappoint-
 “ ment.

“ Though formerly I read the lives of
 “ disappointed lovers with comp^{as}sion, and
 “ felt my soul subdued to tender sadness
 “ by the histories of their misfortunes, I still
 “ considered their afflictions as in a great
 “ degree imaginary ; and aggravated to these
 “ violent excesses, by the creative faculties
 “ of a poetic fancy, and the romantic agency
 “ of visionary genius. Nor could I easily
 “ believe, (although surrounded by so ma-
 “ ny living instances) that love so far de-
 “ thrones the human reason, as to betray
 “ to acts of folly, vice, and meanness, be-
 “ ings by nature wise and prudent, virtuous
 “ and honorable. I consider it as great a
 “ visitation to be thus afflicted, as if the
 “ healthy conformation of the brain was to
 “ become disorganised by a corporeal dis-
 “ ease,

“ ease, until the malady subverted reason,
 “ and induced incurable delirium.

“ To fall in love is not the work of reason,
 “ and indeed I readily conceive why it is not.
 “ You may remember what I once remarked
 “ to you upon the population of the world. If
 “ the continuation of the human species was
 “ a process resulting from the exercise of
 “ reason, and was dependent solely on vo-
 “ lition, the human race might soon become
 “ extinct; for who would call into existence,
 “ beings destined to encounter all the sor-
 “ rows, pains, and disappointments of this
 “ life? who would calmly expose others, to the
 “ possibility of passing in a future world, a
 “ lot of everlasting wretchedness? knowing
 “ so well our own unhappy frailties, follies
 “ and propensities to vice, could we then
 “ deliberately destine other wretches to a
 “ condition of such misery and peril? The
 “ increase of his kind, is not thus left at
 “ man’s disposal, but by an œconomy of
 “ wisdom the most consummate, that event
 “ depends upon the strongest and most
 “ irresistible of human passions.

“ Again,

“ Again, too well I feel that love is not
 “ the work of reason. Why should the
 “ image of this woman thus incessantly
 “ pursue me, when I wish to blot her very
 “ name out from the records of my memory?
 “ why do I languish thus to see, to hear,
 “ and to converse with her, in whose society
 “ I feel that I should certainly be wretched?
 “ yet my admiration increases, and my de-
 “ sires grow more violent: it is the progress
 “ of the malady. Time has no doubt been
 “ often known to work the cure of a des-
 “ ponding lover, and I came here myself to
 “ try the last sad remedies of solitude and
 “ absence. I have been here above two
 “ months in a state of rustic retirement, the
 “ most humble and obscure, in a place
 “ where I am utterly unknown; with my
 “ retreat, my friends have not been made
 “ acquainted, nor shall I divulge it to any
 “ being but yourself. It was not my inten-
 “ tion to have solicited another interview,
 “ but I cannot suppress the desire I feel once
 “ more to grasp the hand of one so dear to
 “ me. Come then, my friend, with all
 “ convenient

“ convenient speed, if you would afford
 “ me the consolation of beholding you
 “ again; for I cannot any longer conceal
 “ from you my real situation. I have for
 “ many months been afflicted with a com-
 “ plaint of a consumptive nature, which
 “ commenced with an hæmorrhage from the
 “ lungs, occasioned by excessive violence
 “ of mental conflicts. The attacks have
 “ lately been more frequent and severe, and
 “ have so much reduced my strength, that
 “ I feel well aware I cannot possibly exist
 “ a fortnight longer. I earnestly implore
 “ you will not suffer this intelligence to
 “ cause uneasiness, for though I long have
 “ felt a weariness of life, I have neglected
 “ no means within my power that might
 “ contribute to the restoration of my health;
 “ and now I feel that I must die, I pray
 “ most earnestly to meet my fate with
 “ resignation. To see you once again,
 “ would yield me the most solid com-
 “ fort I can now enjoy; for what is
 “ equal to the solace of conversing with a
 “ sympathetic friend upon those topics,
 “ which

“ which most nearly and dearly interest our
 “ feelings?”

“ *Postscript.*—Let me enjoin you not to
 “ communicate either my situation or the
 “ place of my retirement to my friends;
 “ with my motives for this concealment
 “ you shall be made acquainted when we
 “ meet, and I believe you will not disap-
 “ prove them.”

Unfortunately the friend of Julius was absent from home, which occasioned a delay of many days in the delivery of this letter; but no sooner did he receive the alarming intelligence than he set out for the place of his retirement, for which Julius had inclosed him proper travelling directions; however he arrived too late, as he did not reach the cottage until the evening subsequent to Julius's death. Knowing the time which must necessarily elapse before his friend could possibly arrive, and feeling more nearly the approach of death, he resumed his pen to bid a last farewell, and to convey his last injunctions. This letter, inclosing the
 key

key of his escrutoire, containing his papers, was directed to the care of the cottager, to whom he also left orders to deliver the eserutoire when claimed, enclosing a sum of money sufficient to discharge his debts, and pay the expences of a funeral. Though he felt his death so fast approaching, he did not choose to alarm the people of the house by making any verbal disposition of his affairs; they, from his more than ordinary cheerfulness, thought he was rapidly recovering, and were equally distressed and terrified when they beheld his lifeless corse reclining on the table in the attitude of writing; but around him, they discovered an effusion of expectorated blood, that evinced, too plainly, the occasion of his death. Before him was a letter from a relative who had commented with much freedom upon his mode of life, reproaching him with indolence and want of application in terms of great severity. This letter was found still moistened with his tears, as also that from Eliza, and in his hand was a pathetic little elegy,

elegy, which he had just composed. It is inserted at the end of the selection from his poems, and bears the motto of “ *Funera manent beati.*” When the friend of Julius recovered from the first emotions of his grief, he opened the letter which was addressed to him :

“ I have been just employed, my dearest
 “ friend, in painfully computing what a
 “ period must elapse before my last can
 “ reach you. Alas, my hope once more to
 “ see you never will be realized. Within
 “ these two days I have felt a regular de-
 “ clension in my strength, and every other
 “ symptom that can indicate a speedy dis-
 “ solution. One most remarkable sensation
 “ (which I will not describe as painful or
 “ yet disagreeable) I have of late most fre-
 “ quently experienced. A lancinating im-
 “ pulse darts along the left side of my bo-
 “ som, causing an inward tremor, followed
 “ by a throb so strong, that it communi-
 “ cates most fully, the idea that my heart
 “ is struggling to burst, and still this feeling
 “ is

“ is renewed when melancholy retrospec-
 “ tion seizes on my mind, or when some
 “ unexpected circumstance occurs to wake
 “ me to a sudden consciousness of my mis-
 “ fortunes. I now can comprehend why
 “ feelings of the tender passions are appro-
 “ priated by the vulgar to the heart, for
 “ past all doubt, that organ is impressed
 “ by love with a specific species of sen-
 “ sation. I also apprehend that those whose
 “ constitutions are enervated and emaci-
 “ ated to the last degree like mine, are such
 “ as are described to die of what is called a
 “ *broken heart*.

“ I cannot express how deeply I regret
 “ the probability that I shall die before your
 “ arrival. I am so earnestly desirous of
 “ seeing you, and holding conversations
 “ upon subjects on which I cannot now so
 “ well employ my pen.

“ When I review the various scenes of
 “ my eventful life, I seem like one awak-
 “ ened from a dream. It pains me to re-
 “ flect

“ fleet what little service I have rendered
 “ to my fellow-creatures, and yet it cheers
 “ me to remember that I often have been
 “ animated with a wish to do them good,
 “ though all my efforts proved abortive.
 “ Misfortune has pursued me, and all my
 “ worldly undertakings from my youth have
 “ been unprosperous; yet shall I dare repine
 “ at a destiny so many most deserving and
 “ illustrious characters have shared?

“ I feel a sentiment of gratitude to my
 “ Creator when I consider that a life of pain
 “ and disappointment is so near its close;
 “ and now a hope of future happiness arises
 “ in my breast, which proves a source of
 “ inexpressible delight, and to lose it for an
 “ instant would be wretchedness indeed.
 “ How consoling is the thought that man
 “ is not to be the judge of man. Should
 “ the Creator prove as unforgiving to the
 “ creature, as man is cruel and remorseless
 “ to his brethren, what poor offender then
 “ might hope for pardon? but is not the
 “ great Ruler of the universe himself the
 “ fountain

“ fountain of all justice, tenderness and
 “ mercy? and is not the benignity infused
 “ into the bosom of a philanthropic man,
 “ an emanated portion of that attribute
 “ which God himself possesses to infinitude?
 “ another strong emotion agitates my heart,
 “ and I am now compelled to drop my pen.

“ In the disposal of my affairs, so insigni-
 “ nificant and humble, I must, my dearest
 “ friend, solicit your assistance.—There are
 “ many little commissions that you can ex-
 “ ecute when most at leisure. The papers
 “ directed to my relatives, you can deliver,
 “ after you have apprised them of my de-
 “ cease in such terms as your own delicacy,
 “ tenderness and good address may dictate.
 “ Knowing the excessive keenness of their
 “ sensibility (amounting as it does in them,
 “ to a family failing,) I have judged it best
 “ to spare them the fatigues and the super-
 “ fluous sorrows an attendance on my death-
 “ bed would occasion to persons so infirm,
 “ and so incapable of travelling to such a
 “ distance.

“ distance. And now, my most esteemed
 “ and highly-valued friend, what legacy can
 “ I bequeath to shew the high regard I
 “ bear you? let me request you to ac-
 “ cept my books, few, and not costly in
 “ their bindings, but just comprising a se-
 “ lection of those authors we have so often
 “ read together, and adopted as our fa-
 “ vourites, by a vote of mutual preference.
 “ I was about to burn my manuscripts,
 “ which you will be surprized to find so
 “ numerous, but although unworthy of the
 “ public eye, I thought it would afford you
 “ some amusement to peruse them. I can-
 “ not even now suppress a smile when I
 “ reflect how visionary and romantic were
 “ the speculations of my leisure hours; but
 “ as they constitute a portion of your friend,
 “ I know that with all their faults and ec-
 “ centricities you will think them worthy
 “ your acceptance. I therefore now con-
 “ sign them all to your disposal. What
 “ now remains for me to add, except a
 “ fervent prayer that you may long exist in
 “ health, prosperity and happiness. Let
 “ not

“ not the world’s depravity contaminate
 “ your rectitude—let not the turpitude of
 “ others ever corrupt your honesty—let
 “ not their ingratitude provoke you to be un-
 “ generous—let not their cruelty render
 “ your heart unfeeling—let not their
 “ want of virtue, faith and justice, com-
 “ pel you to forego the love of honor,
 “ equity and truth,—and now, should I
 “ not live again to see you, accept my
 “ last affectionate farewell.”

Thus fell, before he reached the prime
 of manhood, a man of worth and genius,
 who under circumstances more auspicious,
 might have become a truly useful member
 of society. Many of the writings he has
 left behind him are eccentric and original;
 they were for the most part written at an
 early age: had they received the castigation
 of his riper judgment, and the exquisite
 polish that would have resulted from his
 increased proficiency in literary science, and
 his late attainments in the graceful arts of
 elocution, they would have proved most
 highly

highly creditable to his memory. Even in their present state, 'tis probable they will not be unacceptable to those who frankly honor and esteem superior endowments wheresoever they are found, and who liberally encourage every effort that tends to render the talents of one man instructive or amusing to another.



THE
MESSENGER.

PATHETIC warbler, in whose songs I find
A sympathy that soothes my love-sick mind,
Go seek my fair, and tenderly disclose
The secret grief that preys on my repose.

To her lov'd presence quickly win your way,
And at her feet this humble tribute lay :
Away, fond bird, my cause with zeal espouse,
Plead my best hopes, and plight my holiest vows :

With Love's most fervent eloquence reveal
What pangs th' enamour'd heart is doom'd to feel ;
And as thy rhapsodies more plaintive grow,
Fan with those golden wings her breast of snow.

O then (while flutt'ring in those realms of bliss)
If on thy plumes she prints a balmy kiss,
Bear the soft hope on your ambrosial vest,
And fly with consolation to my breast.

THE
DETENTION.

AH where can my Messenger stay,
With what fears his arrival I wait !
But alas, tho' I chide his delay,
Still I tremble to think of his fate.

Sure thou couldst not mistake her, my bird,
For I dwelt on the charms of my fair :
In her person thou ne'er canst have err'd,
For she's lovely beyond all compare.

Ah too soon you beheld her, I fear,
All your tender entreaties were vain :
She refus'd love's fond homage to hear,
Or heard it, alas ! with disdain.

For my boldness condemn'd to atone,
Sure some dire expiation you make,
And in bondage now suffer alone,
A resentment, that I should partake.

Yet repine not, in sullen despair,
For the freedom once tasted with me ;
But cheerfully sing to my fair,
For to praise her thy voice is still free.

How

How revers'd is the fate I deplore !

Tho' my breast throbs with tender desire,
I am absent from her I adore,
And in secret alone can admire.



THE

RETURN.

WELCOME, dear wand'rer, on this hand alight,
I thought thee fled for ever from my view :
Mourn'd thy detention many a sleepless night,
And from thy loss the worst of omens drew.

Why breathe those strains the language of despair,
Why heaves thy breast, why droops that flutt'ring wing,
Ah why repeat, my bird, that mournful air ?
Are these the consolations that you bring ?

Was thy bold song a subject of offence ?
Hast thou the anger of the maid incurr'd ?
Can love, like mine, admit no fond defence ?
Have I beyond all hopes of pardon err'd ?

Return, sweet minstrel, to th' offended fair,
 Her indignation with submission meet;
 A deep contrition for your crime declare,
 And fall with humble suppliance at her feet.
 Yet, if to say I love her can offend,
 Repeat the sin, and trespass without end.

— — — — —

TO ELIZA.

Now the first lovely tokens of spring
 In the vales are beginning to blow,
 Yet of lilies I deign not to sing,
 Tho' their whiteness surpasses the snow.

Not a flowret shall call forth a strain;
 Not a rose shall my raptures bespeak:
 Tho' the rich blossom vies with the stain
 That is kindled on modesty's cheek.

Now by fancy, the violet no more
 (From its leaf while a dew-drop is shed)
 Shall be deem'd in compassion to pour
 A tear that laments for the dead.

Not an object that once charm'd my sight,
 Not a scene that o'erwhelm'd me with joy,
 For a moment can fix my delight,
 Or is worthy my thoughts to employ.

Love alone now engrosses my lays,
 Now my thoughts but one theme can inspire :
 And I only can dwell on the praise
 Of the beautiful maid I admire.

TO ELIZA.

THO' so fondly I muse night and day,
 And my numbers are fram'd with such care,
 Not a line that I write can display
 The affection I feel for my fair.

I despond when I think of my doom :
 For how great is the Lover's distress
 Who aspires where he should not presume,
 And who feels what he fears to confess !

Yet 'tis weak with so slavish a fear
 Thus to strive an attachment to hide ;
 She might deign without anger to hear,
 And that I should acknowledge with pride.

'Tis a proof of pre-eminent taste
 Such a pattern of worth to prefer :
 Can a passion like mine be disgrac'd
 By an object so perfect as her ?

Such professions of humble regard,
 Sure she will not with rudeness reject;
 Sure, I ne'er shall be proudly debarr'd
 Thus to greet her with tender respect.

If my fond adoration should prove
 An offence that she scorns to forgive,
 I am doom'd by the woman I love
 To be hated as long as I live.

Yet O why should I speak of her hate?
 Can she act so unfeeling a part!
 She at least will be mov'd at my fate,
 For compassion resides in her heart.

How I wish I was grac'd with each worth,
 And all brilliant endowments possess'd;
 How I wish I was noble of birth,
 And with titles and opulence blest.

How I wish, like herself, I was fair,
 How I wish, in her eyes I might seem
 Deserving her friendship to share,
 And worthy to win her esteem.

How I wish!—nor should hope be restrain'd
 Could my pray'rs such possessions insure;
 But alas! I am ever ordain'd
 To love, to despair, and be poor.

A SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT to his LAMB.

Now farewell to my dear native green,
 To those meeds once so fondly admir'd ;
 And adieu to each beautiful scene
 That such early attachments inspir'd..

Now adieu to the May-scented field,
 Where the gay dance encircled the tree ;
 And to all that once pleasure could yield,
 Now adieu, my dear Lamb, e'en to thee.

Once this bosom thy innocence mov'd,
 And with fond emulation I sought,
 The mildness my judgment approv'd,
 And the meekness thy modesty taught.

Now begone, soft affectionate Pet !
 All thy sportive endearments are vain :
 My condition I wish to forget,
 And I think of my flock with disdain.

From these scenes with disgust I depart,
 Now to grandeur my bosom aspires ;
 For Ambition now reigns in my heart,
 And Envy provokes new desires..

Why, alas ! did she quit those proud courts,
 And abandon those wealthy domains,
 Thus to join in our innocent sports,
 And to dwell in our peaceable plains ?

In compassion she should have conceal'd
 Those endowments of genius so rare,
 And have ne'er the perfections reveal'd
 Of a form so transcendently fair.

For my heart, with her merit impress'd,
 Now repines at her triumph in vain ;
 And the passion that tortures my breast
 Must its anguish in silence contain.

For inglorious, alas ! is my lot,
 Just contented, and humble at most ;
 At my birth, no proud title I got,
 And my love is the all I can boast.

How my bosom revolts at the thought,
 That such claims are establish'd by gold ;
 That a being, like her, may be bought
 With the riches a villain may hold.

O shall such her affection possess ?
 Shall the purchase from riches arise ?
 Shall a miser the mistress caress,
 Who with scorn from my poverty flies ?

Then

Then adieu to the tender desires
 With such rapturous fondness caress'd ;
 And adieu to those emulous fires
 That once kindled false hopes in my breast.

For I feel my pretensions are vain,
 To despair, my sad heart I resign :
 But alas ! can I cease to complain,
 When I think she shall never be mine ?



SOLITUDE.

“ Nay, I can be merry like them ; but they close the
 “ account, and set down this mirth for happiness. I
 “ retire to the family of my own thoughts, and find
 “ them in weeds of sorrow.”

STILL new motives of joyful surprise
 All my friends in my cheerfulness find ;
 I have learn'd with such care to disguise
 The distraction that preys on my mind.

Now we've done with this hypocrite part,
 Here, no smile on the face shall be worn ;
 Take all painful restraint from the heart,
 Here, the sufferer in freedom may mourn.

Now, in Solitude musing alone,
 Where no spy on my anguish appears;
 On my couch in wild extasy thrown,
 I may pour forth a torrent of tears.

For to brood o'er a sense of each wrong,
 And their sorrows, in silence, to bear,
 Are such pleasures as only belong
 To the victims of love and despair.

ELEGY.

WHEN the pale moon is veil'd with many a cloud,
 And not a star illumines the turbid air,
 But the rude tempest of the south howls loud,
 And all around seems pregnant with despair,

Sadly I roam along yon sea-beat shore,
 And court the horrors of th' infuriate gale,
 My slighted love in secret to deplore,
 And give big utterance to my mournful tale.

My tears I mingle in the sea's proud wave,
 And as th' impetuous billows round me roll,
 To them, with love's wild eloquence I rave,
 And pour forth all the anguish of my soul.

How abject is the lover in his woe,
 Who breathes to storms the language of despair,
 While the rude murmurs of the surge below
 Appear to mock the wretch's frantic pray'r.

How mild her looks, how graceful is her form,
 How fair, how exquisitely form'd to please;
 Yet less unfeeling is the ruthless storm,
 Whose rage disturbs the rest of yon swoln seas.

How long, alas! unpitied shall I mourn,
 How long unheeded call upon her name!
 How long, proud beauty, shall thy scorn be borne,
 And love disgrace me with a hopeless flame!



ELEGY

ELEGY.

“ *Flendus amor meus est.* ”

THE abject wretch, in whose despondent breast
Th’ unworthy cares of slighted love get birth,
Submits with meekness to the world’s rude jest,
And all his woes are made the sport of mirth.

The lover finds no sympathetic friends,
Save those whose hearts participate his pain ;
His tears disgust, his tenderness offends,
And ev’ry eye regards him with disdain.

They say that love corrupts a virtuous mind,
And leads to folly, madness, shame, and woe :
Cold-blooded counsellors, severely kind !
Too well, alas ! those fatal truths I know.

Let me the malice of the world defeat,
Love’s melancholy frailties learn to hide,
And bear, unpitied, to some lone retreat,
Those cares that apathy delights to chide.

I scorn the pangs that agonise my breast ;
I love, and yet am hated by the fair !
Such is the madness that destroys my rest,
And such the anguish I am doom’d to bear.

TO ELIZA,

With a DOVE.

ACCEPT, dear maid, the most delightful bird
 That ever Venus to her chariot bound :
 By love, adopted ; and by peace, preferr'd :
 For meekness valu'd, and for faith renown'd.

A bird, in which such rare perfections meet,
 Alone is worthy to be counted thine :
 His beauty, fair one, is, like yours, compleat,
 And his fidelity resembles mine.



TO JULIUS,

With a GOOSE.

SWAIN, I accept your all-accomplish'd Dove,
 With rapture listen to his plaintive moan ;
 And vow with constancy the bird to love,
 Whose beauty thus reminds me of my own.

I cannot prove my gratitude too soon,
 For such a mark of tenderness conferr'd;
 So, song for song be thine, and boon for boon,
 Kindness for kindness, swain, and bird for bird.

Lo, the best fowl that Lincoln can produce
 My choice has singled from a *tuneful* group:
 Accept, *sweet Bard*, from me, as *great a Goose*
 As e'er was fatten'd in a poulterer's coop.

Your verse, the merit of the Dove displays;
 The compliments I pay my bird, are few:
 Yet 'tis, methinks, no niggard share of praise,
 To say how strongly he resembles you.



TO RIDICULE,

Inscrib'd to ELIZA.

AFFECTED, pert, and self-sufficient maid,
 Insulting Ridicule, of manners bold and rude,
 That face, with laughter-moving sneers array'd,
 With more than magic talents seems endu'd.

At thy supreme command,
 (Convuls'd with vulgar mirth)
 Scorn lifts her ready hand
 To point at modest worth.

Thine the insidious pow'r,
 Disgust, at will to raise;
 And yield to cold contempt
 The candidates of praise.

Thou with invective rancour canst impart
 Illiberal feelings to a generous heart:
 The warmest love, to enmity transpose,
 And turn the dearest friends to deadly foes.

The fell contagion of thy wanton jokes,
 The baneful influence of thy mimic wiles,
 Th' unhallow'd glee of ignorance provokes,
 And crowns detraction's brow with envious smiles.

The meanly servile multitude submit
 With blind obedience to thy tyrant laws,
 Echo the triumphs of thy playful wit,
 And join thy noisy laughs of self-applause.

When proudly you rejoice
 Our neighbours faults to jeer,
 How that melodious voice
 Enchants each list'ning ear.

Then, with envenom'd spite,
 Our rivals we disgrace;
 And with supreme delight
 Exult in their disgrace.

'Then, with malignant joy,
 Our talents we employ,
 Their foibles to reveal,
 But all the good they do,
 We basely misconstrue,
 Or artfully conceal.

O nymph, too long caress'd!
 Whose fascinating form
 An Anchorite's cold breast
 To extasy might warm.

No more to wake thy praise
 I touch th' enamour'd lyre,
 Or at thy beauty gaze
 The victim of desire.

Now with disgust I view that idol face,
 Nor more with rapture to that voice attend ;
 But shun that irony, whose tuneful grace
 Would eloquently scandalize a friend.

Yes, thou capricious unrelenting fair,
 Thy brilliant talents now provoke disdain :
 I loath the jest that wounds the sons of care,
 And scorn the wit that sports with human pain.

Deformity's sad pity-moving child,
 Is by thy scourge unsparingly chastis'd :
 Misfortune's victims are with scorn revil'd,
 And poverty insultingly despis'd.

Thou bear'st a magic mirror in thine hand,
 Indu'd with spells the judgment to deceive :
 The vilest work detraction ever plann'd,
 Or genius deign'd from satire to receive.

That necromantic glass contains the pow'r
 With optical deceits to scare the sight,
 To vilify perfection's fairest flow'r,
 And mar the dearest objects of delight.

Hideous, in that, appears the finest frame
 That ever beauty's excellence possess'd ;
 The loveliest face that ever fann'd the flame
 That warms th'enthusiast Poet's ardent breast.

Soul-wounding Ridicule, whose ruthless rage
 Shows no respect to innocence or age,
 'Tis thine the spotless character to stain,
 And fix on worth the stigmas of disdain :
 'Tis thine the Sages most profound dispute
 With flippant flights of satire to confute :
 The noblest schemes of wisdom to deride,
 And life or death with laughter to decide.
 How oft with indignation have I known
 Deluded judgment bow before thy throne ?
 How oft, meek modesty, with downcast head
 To scorn's rude altar have I seen thee led,
 Tortur'd with raillery the most obscene,
 And basely sacrific'd to pride and spleen ?
 Insulting maid, no longer thus misuse
 The noblest gifts of Satire and the Muse.
 O scoff no more at virtue's upright friends ;
 Hence let thy wit be turn'd to nobler ends :
 Hence, the keen scourge of raillery bestow
 On rogues and scoundrels, who deserve the blow ;
 Punish those failings that the mind debase,
 Crimes, that degrade ; and follies, that disgrace ;
 And let thy voice be only rais'd to warn
 The lawful objects of a good man's scorn.

“ *Funera manent beati.*”

FROM those cruel aspersions forbear,
 Let the voice of reproof be suppress'd ;
 Nor thus poison the arrows of care
 That have fester'd so long in his breast.

Ah ! with pity the failings forgive
 Of a wretch by misfortune assail'd,
 Who has strove without censure to live,
 But whose hopes have so fatally fail'd.

Not one talent kind nature supply'd
 To gain pow'r, distinction, or wealth,
 And the best earthly blessings deny'd,
 Independence, contentment, and health.

Yes, her only sad gift was a heart
 Disappointment too closely pursues,
 That detests ev'ry lucrative art,
 And is wedded to love and the muse.

Then no more let the wretch be disdain'd
 Whose transgressions for sympathy plead,
 For alas, he was never ordain'd
 In the ways of the world to succeed.

The first visions of freedom how fair,
 'That enliven the dreams of the slave !-
 But to him who exists in despair,
 Ah, how dear is the hope of the grave !

Grief's last tumult now throbs in his heart,
 Down his cheek streams affection's last tear,
 For, alas ! 'tis a conflict to part
 With the friends that we value so dear.

Yet, ah let not such sorrows invite
 His companions to weep at his doom ;
 But, array'd in the garb of delight,
 Let his friends now be led to his tomb :

O'er his corpse, let them smile and be glad ;
 Round his grave, let them sportfully play ;
 For in life, tho' despondent and sad,
 Lo, in death, he is chearful and gay.



LOVE AND SATIRE;

CONTAINING THE

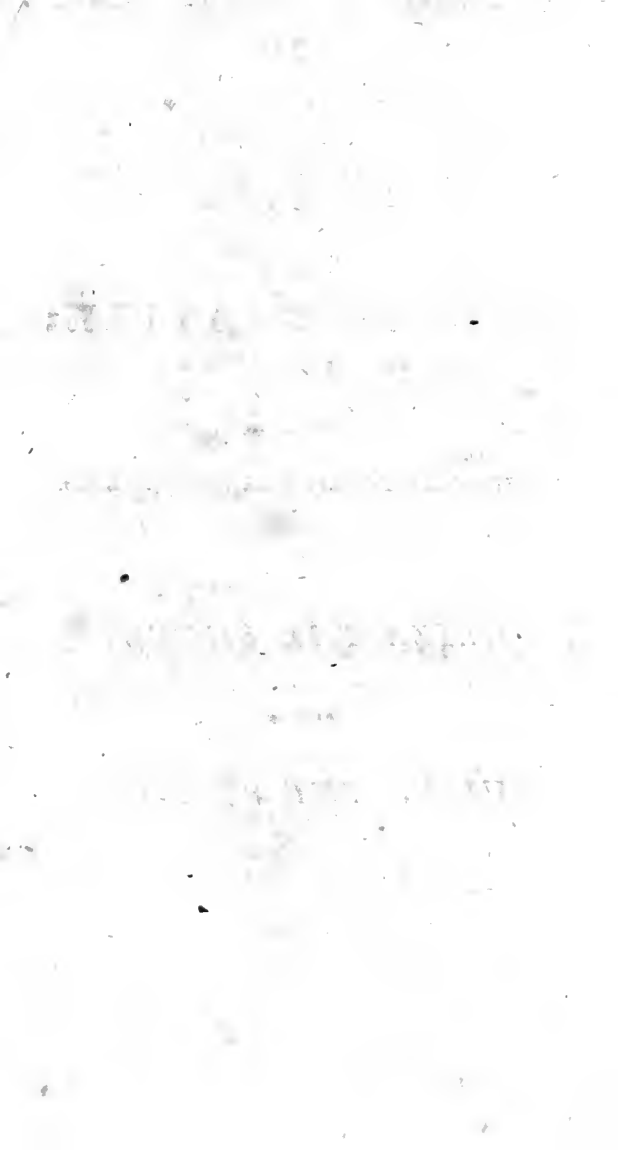
WHIMSCIAL POETIC CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ELIZA THE SHREW,

AND

JULIUS THE SEVERE.



TO ELIZA.

HEAV'N keep thee long, dear maid, from pain secure;
 Still may those eyes in peaceful slumbers close;
 Ah never, fairest, may thy breast endure
 The pangs that rob my bosom of repose.

Crown'd as *thou* art, with ease, content and health,
 Without one want, thy comforts to destroy;
 Young, lovely, gay, possess'd of wit and wealth,
 And ev'ry good that leads to peace and joy.

Think, while thy lot is thus supremely blest,
 Ah think, what anguish *I* am doom'd to bear:
 Ah think, what pangs torment the lover's breast,
 Whose sleepless nights are wasted in despair:
 Ah think, thyself the cause of all his woe,
 And for his fate, a pitying tear bestow.



TO JULIUS.

THOU visionary child of moon-struck love,
 Poor sighing, crying, sonnet-singing knave,
 More than ten thousand lovers' pangs I feel
 When thus in rueful rhymes I hear thee rave.

In vain, for thee, my cheeks with health may bloom;
 No love, but Plato's, hath your heart to boast:
 You build the marriage altar on my tomb,
 And only want possession of my ghost.

And if these midnight serenades you keep,
 'Tis clear you soon must gain your heart's desire;
 For what with rage, disgust, and loss of sleep,
 Upon my soul I'm ready to expire.



TO ELIZA.

I'M a rhymers, and sometimes by night
 At your door chaunt an amorous sonnet :
 And oft, by the moon's silver light,
 Move my *hat*, with respect, to your *bonnet*.

I would sooner *salute* your fair face,
 (Which is that of a goddess most certain)
 But you shroud it with muslin and lace,
 And obscure all its charms with a curtain.

Eliza methinks thus arrayed,
 Two assassins I see in those eyes,
 Who go with a dark lanthorn's aid,
 To murder some wretch by surprise.

From the fierce *sun* I wish you to hide
 That pre-eminent standard of beauty :
 To keep it unhurt, is my pride,
 'Tis my pleasure, as well as my duty.

But why, when the *stars* light the sky,
 Is that veil thus allow'd to be pendent,
 Eclipsing the fires of that eye,
 And hiding a face so resplendent ?

For my life I declare I can't think

Why this long veil, at night love, thou wearest,
If the planets of night make thee blink,
'Tis diamond cut diamond, my fairest.

Dearest girl, you're facetious as fair,

But you err in your witty conjecture :
By Cupid and Hymen I swear
I wish not to bed with your *spectre*.

Believe me, I ne'er should think fit

To be match'd with a ghost of such merit ;
You're a girl of such infinite wit,
That I dread to encounter your *spirit*.

With your face (that I love but too well)

With your fine form, and elegant carriage,
With your *propria persona*, dear girl,
I desire the performance of marriage.

In my sonnets you take no delight,

And revile me, for pining and sighing ;
When we gaze on an object too bright,
Sure, our eyes may be pardon'd for crying.

To look up at the sun without tears,

By opticians, is not counted legal :
So a truce, my dear girl, with your jeers,
I'm a Lover, 'tis true—but no Eagle.

TO JULIUS.

THAT your ill-bred impertinent muse
 Was imported from Grub-street, is certain :
 Sir, I'll veil or display what I choose,
 But *you* ne'er shall draw back my curtain.

So away with your dolorous phiz,
 You sad Lover, and still sadder Poet ;
 A more spleen-moving, woe-begone quiz,
 Never tagg'd doggrel rhymes, Sir, you know it.

If you think, with poetical stuff
 Any girl of good sense to inveigle ;
 I allow you're *weak-sighted* enough,
 And more like an Owl, than an Eagle.

You conclude if thus teaz'd, day by day,
 In some foolish half hour you may catch me :
 You may try, but I'll venture to say,
 When I wed you, the Devil shall fetch me.



To ELIZA.

I CARE not who fetches my spouse :

I'd accept such a bride from the Devil :

Don't you know that the proverb allows

He's the giver of ev'ry thing *evil*?

To JULIUS.

WELL-A-DAY, Sir, you grow worse and worse,

More insulting, insipid, and stupid,

And indite more like Bacchus's nurse,

Than the Poet of Hymen and Cupid.

Your epistles my patience fatigue,

If you send me another, I'll tear it ;

Put an end to this barren intrigue,

Flesh and blood is not able to bear it.

Away

Away with your sighs, tears, and groans,
 You skeleton, shrewd and discerning;
 You dry bag of well-inform'd bones,
 And musty old mummy of learning.

Why, you dead man just coming to life,
 In their schemes all your doctors miscarried:
 Who the plague bade you think of a wife?
 S'death! you'd better get buried than married.

Of my friends, such a spouse should I crave,
 They would carry a whimsical farce on:
 And get me a Sexton, and grave,
 Instead of a ring, and a Parson.

TO ELIZA.

THE remark, my sagacious young shrew,
 You have made in your last, is most valid:
 I believe what you say to be true,
 We had "*better get buried than married.*"

TO JULIUS.

FAITH, for once, you the truth do not miss,
 To your doctrine, I fully accede:
 To die an old maid would be bliss,
 To the life, that with you, I should lead.

But I can't comprehend for my life,
 In the name of disgust, and vexation,
 Why you fix'd upon me for a wife?
 Here's a point that requires explanation.



TO ELIZA.

HAVE you liv'd to be twenty years old
 Without stealing one glance at your features?
 Have you ne'er by a mirror been told
 You're the fairest of all human creatures!!!

Buy a looking-glass, life of my life,
 Let your face meet your own admiration;
 And then, why I wish you to wife,
 No longer will need explanation.

I am no first-rate beauty, 'tis true,
 My long face is both pallid and gloomy :
 Your bright eyes, love, are laughing and blue ;
 And your plump cheeks are dimpled and bloomy.

I am just worth—the devil one sous ;
 From misfortune, with many a rub meet ;
 And was born at a trunk-maker's house,
 In a garret, that looks into Grub-street.

You have plenty of jewels and plate,
 That you got at the death of your grannum,
 And a snug little rural estate,
 That brings in a neat thousand per annum.

Not one more cogent reason I'll waste,
 To prove such a spouse not ill suited :
 And conclude, that by you my good taste,
 For a moment, will ne'er be disputed.



TO JULIUS.

THO' with all the abhorrence in life
 Your avowal of love is rejected ;
 Still, your taste in the choice of a wife,
 I confess, can be never suspected.

On my side, Sir, the bargain's too great,
 To refuse it, I feel but my duty :
 Your garret's above my estate,
 Your ugliness, outdoes my beauty.

So the match I think fit to decline :
 Give me leave to express myself plainer,
 'Twere a robb'ry to take thee and thine,
 I then, should be too great a gainer.



TO ELIZA.

CAN you in conscience think it right
 To mock a lover so forlorn?
 Thus, in his suff'rings to delight,
 And kill him, inch by inch, with scorn?

Behold these pale and hollow cheeks,
 These haggard looks, this feeble frame,
 Each symptom, that so plainly speaks,
 The ravage of an hopeless flame.

O thou too captivating fair,
 Too lovely, too ungen'rous maid,
 How can those eyes from tears forbear,
 To see the ruin they have made?

Yet they behold, with unconcern,
 The conflagration love inspires;
 And faith, tho' I to cinders burn,
 Distil no tears, to quench my fires.

If your disdain, o tyrant fair,
 Decides point blank, that die I must,
 Let me in peace for death prepare,
 Ere you consign me to the dust.

To let me say my prayers, consent,
 My conscience hath much work to do :
 I've other vices to *repent*,
 Besides the sin of loving you.

Ere with your scorn you stop my breath,
 Pause, and awhile relieve my sorrow :
 Pray *frown* me not to instant death,
Smile me a *respite* till to-morrow.



TO JULIUS.

YOUR petition, in doggrel so vile,
 I reject, for I firmly believe,
 If I once deign'd a *respite* to *smile*,
 You'd soon make me *laugh* a *reprieve*.



To

To ELIZA,

YOUR cold heart is hard as a flint,
 Most cruel, most scornful, most witty !
 To possess all the coin in the mint
 I would not be thus lost to pity.

O Cupid, whose gold-headed dart
 I still feel to rankle and quiver,
 Thro' the innermost core of my heart,
 To the deepest recess of my liver.

In pity, transfix me with lead ;
 In my breast, plunge aversion's blunt arrow ;
 Or shoot me, at once, thro' the head,
 Till I drop down like Lesbia's sparrow.

Day and night (of no pity possess'd)
 Dart on dart, you keep wantonly pushing,
 With as little remorse in my breast,
 As Eliza sticks pins in her cushion.

On Leucadia, so rugged and steep,
 Stands a cliff, that was once much in fashion :
 There, lovers resorted to leap,
 As a cure for a desperate passion.

Eliza,

Eliza, O say from that rock
 When I hurl myself into the ocean ;
 Will my fall give your feelings a shock,
 And put your compassion in motion ?

TO JULIUS.

WHEN the rock (whence my Poet is hurl'd)
 Is distress'd at his plunge in the billow,
 Then, my cheek with a tear shall be pearl'd,
 And my harp shall be hung on the willow.

Sir, your project a wise one I deem,
 And I wish much success to the trial :
 When you ask my assent to the scheme,
 Rest assur'd you shall meet no denial.

If a leap from Leucadia you lack,
 Prithee take it, of this I'll assure ye,
 Like the nostrums of doctor Van Quack,
 'Tis certain to kill, or to cure ye.

To ELIZA.

O most cruel ! most obdurate fair,
 To escape from your jeers and your scoffing,
 Ev'n to swallow quack med'cines I'd bear,
 For scorn is not felt in the coffin.

To JULIUS.

YOU'RE as welcome to die as to sleep,
 Hang or drown, you've my free will and pardon;
 Sir, my fish-pond is twenty feet deep,
 There are plenty of trees in my garden.

To ELIZA.

IN your keen repartees, I confess,
 Just enough ready wit I discover,
 The mind of a friend to distress,
 And to torture the heart of a lover.

TO JULIUS.

WITH small store of wit am I blest,
 Yet possess quite enough, you may see,
 At all times, to turn into jest
 A ludicrous being, like thee.

TO ELIZA.

TO quaintness, I fully admit,
 You may lay in a lawful pretence;
 But your answers discover more wit,
 Than feeling, good nature, or sense.

TO JULIUS.

THUS convicted, I make no defence,
 I acknowledge your charge is too true:
 Sir, I prov'd myself void of good sense
 When I form'd an acquaintance with you.

To

TO ELIZA.

THAT a lover is apt to offend
 I presume not to doubt, or dispute ;
 But I humbly beg leave to contend,
 That he should not be us'd like a brute.

Nay, I envy the life of your Pug,
 (E'en devour'd as he is with the mange)
 And to sleep on your sopha as snug,
 I would Lover for Lap-dog exchange.

For I feel, when I think of my fate,
 Thus pursu'd as I am with your scorn ;
 And curs'd as I am with such hate,
 I a turnspit had better been born.

For your cur at your Lover may growl ;
 Nay, may bite him, yet not do amiss :
 You present him the wing of a fowl,
 Then you hug him, and give him a kiss.



TO JULIUS.

It is not the kiss, and the hug,
 O man of more hunger than breeding,
 That makes you so jealous of Pug,
 You envy my dog his good feeding.

Could the Cur with the Poet exchange,
 He would meet with a fate less inviting:
 And get, in return for his mange,
 Th' incurable itch of bad writing.

TO ELIZA.

Tho' my folly may well be despis'd,
 Sure, I'm punish'd beyond my desert:
 Was ever a man so chastis'd
 For falling in love with a flirt?

TO JULIUS.

WHEN one man, sir, another offends,
 Honor's laws are so squeamishly strict,
 That in order to make full amends,
 The delinquent is doom'd to be kick'd.

All rudeness is paid with disgrace,
 All insults retorted by blows,
 A horse-whip, a slap in the face,
 Or a good hearty tweak by the nose.

But women this privilege lose,
 To punish impertinent men,
 And in lieu of a horsewhip, must use
 Two weapons, the tongue, and the pen.

Your chastisement might prove more severe,
 But, polite etiquette, (you may thank it)
 Debars me from boxing your ear,
 Or having you toss'd in a blanket.



TO ELIZA.

REFINE not: your tongue, and your pen,
 So keen, so sarcastic and rough,
 To punish ten nations of men,
 Are *weapons offensive* enough.

By thy dear little delicate feet
 I'd submit to be kick'd, night and day:
 By thy beautiful hand to be beat,
 On thy pillow my cheek I could lay.

All the world's formal maxims forget,
 Let your vengeance in nothing be cross'd:
 For in spite of polite etiquette,
 In a blanket I'll bear to be toss'd.



TO JULIUS.

To the top of Vesuvius I'd run,
 'Thro' the mines of Potosi I'd crawl;
 Nay, so loathsome a lover to shun,
 I'd swim all the way to Bengal.

By heav'ns! sir, I'll buy a balloon,
 Ere I'll deign to exist thus annoy'd;
 And fly to the man in the moon,
 A torment, like thee, to avoid.

TO ELIZA.

If you'll leave me to farm your estate,
 You may travel, by air, sea, or land:
 If you'll give me your money and plate,
 I'll give up all claims to your hand.

You may fly in your own air balloon,
 When, or where, I'm not anxious to learn;
 You may go to the man in the moon,
 If you'll promise no more to return.

But as mails such long journeys ne'er make,
 I shall commune no more with my shrew;
 So my pen in my hand I now take,
 For ever to bid her adieu.

FINIS.

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